

Study Time:

*Slutty
Literature
101*

By Nadia Saran



Study Time: Slutty Literature IOI

Chapter I: Kristen's Study Time

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My 19-year-old live-in slave-girl, Sophie, is a student at Bishop State College. It's what used to be called a community college. In high school, she was a C+ student, and with her GPA a four-year university wasn't going to happen. I collared her the day she graduated high school, but I'd known her a couple of months before that, since maybe 2 months after her 18th birthday. But since her first day at Bishop, Sophie has been a straight-A student.

She credits the improvement to the "supervised study" time I make sure to give her near-daily. And she tells everyone that. Naturally, I'm strict in supervising her study time. I want Sophie to do well in school, so not only have I told her to, I put in the effort to make sure she does.

Sophie's excellent performance was noticed by her fellow students. As was the pastel green, soft leather collar, with its fancy lace trim, locked around her neck. A few of her fellow students even knew her from high school, and they knew Sophie went from an average student to an excellent one overnight. It led to me starting a small, but very profitable, tutoring business that offers "dominatrix strictly-supervised study sessions." The few select students I've taken have all improved very quickly, and very significantly. With those students, I adhere to my basic principles of "classroom supervision," such as not allowing them any privacy or modesty, a formal politeness, and a firm belief in corporal punishment for any infractions of my rules, and especially for less-than-perfect grades. But otherwise, I don't play with them. I just make sure they study.

But there are two more girls whom I supervise. They get the full treatment. Exactly as Sophie gets. One is a toy of mine. The other is the daughter of a couple who belongs to my friend Olive, another Domme I know pretty well. While I don't play with them during their study sessions, I also don't have the unwritten limits I do for my paying students. There's literally nothing I won't do to those two if it will encourage them to study harder or learn better. Alysyn, the girl who is my toy, I play with her separately, keeping her study time to study, albeit

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in a kinky way.

Irene, the other girl I don't have play sessions for. Olive asked me to take her as a student about three months ago, as a favor to her. Irene was a solid-C student, but then she managed to get a very nice, and ugly, F on an important paper. It about broke her parents' hearts as it meant Irene's future was dimming almost as fast as the lights do when the power goes out. Like most teenagers, Irene is 19, she'd been curious and nosy about her parents' relationship with Olive. Even snooping as much as she could. She'd never, according to Olive, indicated any kind of interest in serving herself, but she also seemed not to be put off by the idea of alternative experiences. The first time I met her she was extremely nervous. Olive had given her the choice: she would be my student for the remainder of her time in school, or she would drop out and get a job and start supporting herself like an adult. Irene was smart enough to see that would pretty much condemn her to a life on the low end of the economic spectrum, so she agreed to submit to my full, unbridled, supervision.

In the few months she's been studying with me twice a week, she's grown into it. The nervousness is gone, at least until the paddle comes out. Can't really blame her for that, the paddle is punishment, and punishment is supposed to be very unpleasant. If it wasn't, it wouldn't be much of a punishment! She's also turned her studies around. She's not quite as good as Sophie yet, but she's getting there. It's very rare that she gets anything less than an A any more.

One of my rules for these two girls is that they study every single day, no exceptions, for 90 full uninterrupted minutes. Especially on the days, they don't come here. They have a set time for it, too. For Irene, it's 7:30-9:00 pm. They have very firm rules for it. And they have a parent who is supposed to stand over them and supervise them. That was part of the "agreement" for them to become my student. One of their parents had to agree to make the time to supervise their studies on the five days I wouldn't be seeing them. Kristen, Irene's mother, agreed to be the parent who would make the time. Even after Olive and I both told her that

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should she "fail," meaning not do exactly what she was told to do, every time, I would punish her for it. Punish her as Olive would. Strictly. Olive made sure Kristen knew that I had her full blessing to do "whatever tickled my fancy" with Kristen.

Privately, Olive told me everything about Kristen, her husband Anthony, and what little she'd picked up about Irene. Kristen and Tony aren't the most adventurous toys. Their "thing" is for Olive to force Kristen to humble herself and serve and Olive and Tony; and for Tony to endure endless teasing. It's definitely not what I put on the adventurous side of playtime. But it can make from some very entertaining evenings for Olive. I've never played with any of the three, and really don't intend to.

All I demand of Kristen is that she properly supervises Irene's daily study time. Which means that Kristen is to sit beside her the entire time. There are to be no distractions of any kind, especially electronics, at the table. Irene is not to stop working for anything, not even a quick potty break. Irene isn't do anything but study. Not even talk, except to ask Kristen a study-related question. There are to be no clocks within sight, even watches, instead Kristen is to set a timer; once it goes off, Irene is to finish whatever she's doing, and then she may stop. Kristen isn't to have any distractions either. She's to focus every bit of her attention on Irene for the full time. And that there's to be a video camera I provided aimed at them the entire time; it uploads the live video to a server just in case I want to peek and make sure they're being good little girls. No one else is to be anywhere near them while Irene is studying, even Tony, unless Kristen summons him to assist with a study question.

Plus Kristen is responsible for dishing out the consequences of any infractions to Irene. A first offense, a violation of any rule, adds 30 minutes to her study time. A second not only adds another 30 minutes, but it earns her a real, honest, five-stroke spanking administered immediately by Kristen, which had better look hard to me. A third offense is the end for Irene: Kristen is to call me, and Irene is to continue

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studying until I say otherwise. On top of that Irene runs the serious risk that I might just come over and personally administer a punishment for the infraction, and she's smart enough to know she definitely doesn't want that.

At first, Kristen was all over Irene. As if Kristen understood that should she let me down, she'd pay so dearly for it. But as the weeks went on, Kristen started to ease up a little. Not enough that I felt I needed to correct it, more to the level I'd expected in the first place. Until tonight. It was only 8:02 pm, barely 1/3 of the way into the study time. I don't watch the camera live very much, but I do have the image up on a spare cheapie tablet. Sophie was bringing me a coffee at my desk where I was working on one of my projects when she saw Kristen on the screen slipping a phone out of her pocket and checking the screen on it. That is such a blatant violation of my "no electronics at the table" rule! Like a good slave-girl, Sophie pointed it out to me once I allowed her to speak to me.

I swiped the video back to watch the brief scene myself. Then I sent Olive a quick text: *If you have plans to play with Kristen later, forget them. She's been a naughty mommy and I have to go correct her.* Olive sent back one word: *Ouch!* And a laughing smiley. Clearly, she got the message, Kristen is in for an unpleasant night. I have Sophie gather my purse and make my coffee to go.

Twenty minutes later, around 8:30, I'm knocking on their door. Naturally, it's Tony who answers the door, Kristen is forbidden to leave the table and Irene's side. He looks rather surprised to see me and asks what's up. He apparently thought that Irene's study was going fine tonight, and thus didn't think he'd see me. He thought he'd only see me if she was in trouble, and he hasn't heard any infractions tonight. I smile. "It's Kristen who has been the naughty girl tonight. That little miscreant has a phone at the study table!" I tell him as I let myself in and step past him. Sophie stays in her place, a step behind me, carrying my purse and the toy bag I keep in the car for visiting toys. As I pass, I can't look on Tony's face. A mixture of shock, apprehension, and delight. I remember

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what Olive told me about this couple, that he enjoys seeing her subjugated into the role of humble servant and toy. I'd bet he's thinking this might be a spicy scene, at least to him.

I blow right past him and walk directly to the kitchen, where Irene is studying at the table. Kristen is sitting beside her, mostly paying attention to what Irene is doing. Both look up as they hear me come in. And both definitely look startled to see me there. I think Kristen knows she's in trouble, I can see the nervousness in her face. An honest nervousness as she wonders not only if I caught her phone, but what kind of punishment she might get for it. I never told her exactly what kind of punishments she was getting herself into. Plus, with her being Olive's property, and I having Olive's permission, I have a much freer hand to discipline her as I wish.

"Both of you, on your naughty feet!" I snap.

Both quickly hop up. Realizing they're in trouble, both quickly stand side by side, with their hands behind them, facing me. It's the way I've taught Irene to stand in my house, and the way Olive demands Kristen stand in Her presence.

"I've decided you two aren't taking Irene's studies as seriously as I wish you to. We will have a little lesson in proper study sessions. We will be studying properly. Irene, you will be supervising. Kristen, you will be studying." I say it with a little smirk on my face.

Now they both look as confused as they do nervous. I'm sure Kristen is wondering if I've caught her, or if this is just some exercise I have for them. If she's in trouble.

"Irene, as the supervisor it is your job to make sure Kristen is ready to study." I have her start by putting her study materials away. There's no sense in making Kristen do Irene's lessons, she'd be jumping in at the middle of the class and likely wouldn't have the foundation of knowledge to do them anyway.

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I've brought a special lesson for Kristen. It's one of my basic study skills lessons. All of which are very erotic lessons. It is a dominatrix supervised study! There's a "lesson book," which is like a one-lesson textbook. And there's a notebook with blank paper in it. I even brought two proper pens for Kristen to use. Once Irene has her stuff put up, I give Kristen her "school books."

Then I tell Irene that "Kristen is taking slut literature 101 this semester." It's as good of a name as any for a class. I tell Irene that Kristen should have her textbook, her folder, and pens. I have Irene get the books from Kristen and check to make sure Kristen has everything. I have Irene pick a seat at the table for Kristen and set the books on the table.

"Now it's you will make sure that Kristen didn't bring any distractions to school. Since she should have brought any while she was supervising your study, you shouldn't find any now. Unless Kristen has been a very naughty mommy." I grin, and watch Kristen's face scrunch up; clearly, she knows she has that phone and knows that I am not going to be happy when I find out. "Kristen, spread your feet wide and hold your arms out so Irene can see that you're ready to study."

I wait for Kristen to get into position. "Irene, check her, make sure she's a good student." I watch as Irene starts looking over Kristen. "Not like that!" I say it with some exasperation in my voice. "Properly." I take hold of Irene's hands and put them on one of Kristen's wrists. Keeping hold of Irene's hands, I move them slowly up Kristen's arm, making sure Irene feels everything. Then I do the same with Kristen's other arm, guiding Irene's hands all the way up over her shoulder to her neck. I keep Irene's hands moving, slowly down Kristen's sides all the way to the waistband of her jeans. I circle Irene's hands around to Kristen's stomach, then start them upwards. It's not long until Irene's hands reach Kristen's ample breasts. I move Irene's hands all the way up underneath the soft mounds, pushing them up slightly, making Irene feel the stiff wire of the bra's cups. I move Irene's hands along the full length of those mounds. Irene's arms stiff with a little resistance, her eyes going wide even as they

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try to look away from Kristen. Kristen flinches hard but stays there as Irene's hands caress across all of her breasts.

Then down her back to her waist again. I take Irene's hands off of Kristen, moving them to her ankle. There I start them up her legs. I make Irene's hands go all the way up until she's touching the crotch of Kristen's jeans. Then I move one hand up over Kristen's hips, the other straight up her over her pubes, until they both reach her waistband. I move them back down to her other ankle, touching all of Kristen's leg on the way down.

Then I move them back up to her waistband and slip Irene's fingers into the waist of Kristen's jeans. I circle Irene's fingers around until they meet in the back. Sliding her fingers free of the jeans, I move Irene's hands down, right over the globes of Kristen's bottom. I stop Irene's hands on the back pocket of those loose jeans when I feel the phone I knew I'd find. I tell Irene to take it out and show us what "distraction" Kristen has brought to her study session.

Irene hesitantly takes the phone out and holds it up. "Naughty girl!" I scold Kristen firmly. "You know phones aren't allowed during study time!"

I take the phone from Irene's hand and pass it off to Sophie. "Irene, your student has been bad! And we haven't even started her lesson yet! Well, no reason to waste any more time, is there. Irene, you know the punishment for bringing a phone to study time, go ahead, and punish your student."

Irene's eyes about pop out of her head. She stands frozen, still, disbelieving. "Irene." I say firmly, "just because you've traded roles, doesn't mean anything else has changed. Kristen has been naughty. You will punish her for it. You will give her the five swats with that paddle she deserves. You will give her real swats. The hardest those little arms of yours can manage. You don't want me to have to do the spanking, do you?"

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“No. Ms. Rodgers.” Irene says with a little tremble to her voice. When Irene first became my student, I explained all of my rules to both of them. One of them was that when Irene misbehaved for a Kristen-supervised study, Kristen was to properly punish her for it. And if Kristen “cheated” by skipping, or even going easy on Irene, I would punish Irene double. Then I would punish Kristen, the exact same punishment I gave Irene. Irene, wanting not to fail college, has taken me seriously and so far never earned a spanking from Kristen. But Irene knows me well enough to know that I would certainly dole out the double punishment, and I make any punishment a good one.

Irene hesitates a second. I’ve paddled her several times, for a variety of offenses, such as bad grades (like B’s!), things Kristen doesn’t have to paddle her for. I take care of that myself. But Irene definitely knows exactly what to do. After a second she says: “come on, mom, let’s just get it over with” and takes Kristen’s hand.

There’s only one step to the chair. The paddle is already on the table, that’s part of study time, I require the paddle to be on the table where Irene can see it as a reminder to behave herself. I tell Irene “She’s not mom, now, she’s Kristen, your student.”

Kristen very reluctantly lets Irene lead her the step over to the chair. She stands still, closing her eyes, as Irene reaches up and unfastens her jeans. She doesn't resist, but isn't much help either, as Irene pushes her down to her knees, then lies Kristen's slightly larger body across her knees. It's clearly the first time Irene has had anyone over her Knees, and it takes her a minute to adjust her legs, Kristen wiggling around as she does, to get them where they're supporting Kristen's upper body.

Irene looks away as she slides Kristen’s jeans and panties down together, stopping when they’re hanging around Kristen’s thighs a couple of inches below the bottom of her cheeks. Bare, Kristen’s cheeks look to be a little loose, a little soft, and spongy, but also still fairly rounded. There’s not much fat or flab to them, just some looseness that comes from age and

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a lack of serious time in a gym keeping herself toned up. More like a typical middle-aged mom body! Absolutely perfect for spanking!

I thought about spanking Kristen myself. I definitely enjoy spanking middle-aged moms. I decided to make Irene do it for two reasons. First, because as Kristen's study supervisor, it's her role to spank her for bringing the phone, just as Kristen should spank Irene if were Irene caught with a phone. Second, and more importantly to me, I'm sure it's humiliating for Kristen to be turned over someone's knees and spanked like a naughty toddler, but even more, humiliating with it being Irene spanking her.

As Irene reaches a fumbling hand for the paddle, I glance over to check on what her husband is doing. I remember Olive telling me that he enjoys "watching his wife subjugated" and I guessed he'd also enjoy watching her humiliated like this. I must not be wrong, he's definitely watching, and not unhappily. He looks more excited, interested in the show that's as different as it was unexpected.

Irene raises the paddle high. She brings it down, putting most of her strength into the swing and closing her eyes before it lands. It lands with a loud crack. I see Kristen stiffen up hard with it, gritting her teeth and scrunching up her face as she tries to hold in a yelp. I guess she doesn't want to show the pain for Irene. I don't know if Irene catches the deep sucking breath Kristen can't hide, but I do. It tells me Irene has given her a real spanking, not a show one. As Irene lifts the paddle, I can see a nice pink stripe across Kristen's white globes. I think Irene flinched harder than Kristen did when that swat landed.

Another, very fast, glance lets me see that Kristen's husband is still eagerly watching, and pretending not to be. If it's exciting him to watching their daughter spank Kristen, I don't want to imagine what other thoughts are creeping into his twisted little boy brain. But I will admit Irene is a pretty girl. For her age, Kristen is pretty, too, just not the youthful "hard-bodied" pretty of Irene.

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Irene gives the next swat. She tries to have what mercy she thinks she'll get away with, landing the paddle somewhere fresh instead of atop of the already sore pink spot. She sort of does, more widening the pink stripe. It's really all she could do. The paddle is just like one of mine, hard-but-light wood, 18" long, 4" wide, and ¼" thick. Kristen only has so much bottom to spread its swats across.

Kristen stiffens even harder with this swat, but she still manages to mute her yelp. Despite that, everyone can see that Irene's swats hurt. Then again, they are punishment, and punishments are supposed to hurt!

The third stroke does Kristen in. She can't help but grunt out a pained yelping "OW!" as the paddle lands atop already tender flesh. The yelp gets a good cringe from Irene.

"Better five than ten..." Irene mumbles under her breath as she raises the paddle again. I don't know if Kristen heard her or not, but I'm sure Kristen has the same thought. I hear Irene. Sophie probably does. No way he does. He's at least eight feet away, but still watching with that odd look on his face: as unhappy about seeing Kristen suffering as he is aroused by the humiliating subjugation of it. And trying hard to look like he's hating it and not watching, when he is.

Kristen yelps a little louder, with a little more strain in her voice, as the next two swats land. After the fifth, she's almost panting, she's breathing so hard.

Irene can't wait to get Kristen off her knees. She immediately sets the paddle down, and lifts Kristen's shoulders, putting her to her knees with her pants still down. Kristen reaches down, staying on her knees, and slowly eases the clothes up over her very sore bottom. When she finally rises to her feet, I can see little tears welled up in the corners of her eyes. She tries not to show it, but her butt is hurting. I'll bet she never risks bringing her phone to the table again.

They stand beside each other, waiting for me to tell them what to do next. "Just to be safe, from now on you'll both hand your phones to

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Tony before study time starts. You will also tell him the PIN number to your phones, in case he might care to nose through them. After the study is over, you may politely ask him to return your phones. He may choose to, or not to, or return them later. His choice. Now, it's time for Kristen's lesson. Irene, start her studying, and there will be no concessions to Kristen's sore bottom. It's her fault it's sore, and study is study. She can just deal with it."

Kristen very gingerly sits down. Irene has her start the lesson I've brought for her. It's a "make-work" kind of assignment. But Kristen isn't a student anywhere, so that's the only possibility for her. It's a 2500 word short story, written by Sophie, that describes how it felt one time when I tied her down and spent an hour or so teasing her aching clit with an oil-dipped feather. I used it even though it doesn't mention my favorite part: the intense squirming Sophie entertained me with! The first part has Kristen read it and take notes. Then there's a worksheet that makes her explain what information was in the story, how it was presented, and what was important for her to learn from it. Like I said, "make work." But it does what I created the lesson to do, makes students learn/use their basic study skills. The last part has Kristen write an essay, 1000 words minimum, that describes how she feels when she masturbates.

I picked that topic for one reason. It's just so private and so embarrassing to write about. I want this assignment to be very hard to write, and not because of its grammar. It's part of the ethos of my "supervised study" system: students have nothing; no privacy, no modesty, no shame, no secrets. Everything about them, and who they are, is on full display. It usually takes them a spanking or two to get past the embarrassment, but once they do, once they stop thinking about what everyone will think of them with every move they make and word they write, they tend to let their inner selves flow. And once they do, unconcerned about their "image," I tend to get so much better work out of them. I figure it's because they're only thinking about getting the assignment done well enough to please me and spare their bottoms, not

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“distractions,” like their shame. That focus tends to carry over to assignments in regular classes, making them better students.

Irene, at least with me there watching, sits beside Kristen and watches her constantly. As Kristen should be doing when Irene is studying. The lesson takes Kristen about 40 minutes to complete. And that’s without Kristen taking even a second of a break.

When Kristen finally has her essay done, she politely tells Irene she's done with the lesson. Then sits there, blushing and fidgeting, as Irene looks over her work. It's obvious Kristen is praying that Irene isn't actually reading it. By her speed, I'd guess Irene half-read it, more making sure it is what it should be than paying attention to the specifics of it. As soon as Irene finishes scanning it, she initials the bottom corner of the page, meaning that she’s assuming responsibility for Kristen’s assignment being done correctly. I see Kristen sigh out a deep breath of relief as Irene initials it, now knowing that she won’t have to redo it.

With the lesson done and my permission, Irene has Kristen put her books up. Irene hangs on to the essay, although I haven't told her why she's keeping it. Still following my instructions, Irene has Kristen kneel in front of the sofa where her husband is sitting. Irene takes a seat beside her father. I sit beside Irene. Sophie kneels beside me. There's only so much sofa! Only then do I tell Irene to hand Kristen her essay so that Kristen can read it to all of us.

Kristen blushes bright, cringing, but staying put as she reluctantly takes the essay from Irene's hand. Irene's had to read numerous of her essays at my house, so by now, she knows exactly what's expected. She tells Kristen, who's never seen an essay read aloud for me before, to stay on her knees, read it, and make sure to look at her audience as she reads, not keep her head down at the paper.

Kristen reads her essay, her voice breaking a little shamefully as she blushes brighter with every word of it. Or so it seems.

My Masturbation

By: Kristen Jamie

I prefer to be in my bed, lying on my back, when I masturbate. But I have to be alone, with no chance of anyone barging in on me, so that's not always possible. Sometimes, especially when it's been a few weeks since Mistress has seen us, the urge just gets too unbearable for me to wait. So I make do, in the shower, or in the bathroom, or wherever I can find the privacy I need. Even in the laundry room once.

No matter where I am, I have to be sitting, lying back, or preferably lying down. The bed is by far my choice. The shower and the bathroom are OK. But anywhere else, I just feel like such a slut when I lie on the floor and pull my pants down. I guess the feeling of the floor on my bare does that to me. But if I'm there, at least for a few moments, I don't think about it. I don't care. If I'm doing it like that, the ache has gotten so unbearable that I can't make myself wait, even a little while until a better choice of places is available. Like yesterday, when I used the laundry room. Tony was in the bathroom off our bedroom, and Irene was taking her shower in the other bathroom. I was supposedly doing a load of laundry when I found a pair of Tony's underwear. They had the scent, but no stain, of his seed in them. His scent. And when I caught a whiff of that, my hand was rubbing over my jeans before I knew what I was doing.

A moment later I was on the floor with the hamper against the door to block it from opening. Not that anyone has ever barged in on me in there. No one wants to help with the laundry. I had on jeans and a blouse, the same things I wear every day. I found myself on my back, with my jeans and undies around my ankles and my knees up and wide. My fingers automatically flew to my privates. Instantly upon my most sensitive place.

The very instant my two fingers touched my privates I felt an ocean of tiny, very intense, very sharp, little electric tingles shoot from my privates and race to every cell in my body. They almost hurt. They pushed my need, and that's what it was by then, a true need that had to be attended to immediately, even higher. I remember then shocking me so badly that a tremor just as sweet racked me. I couldn't take my fingers away, or stop, no matter how much I wanted to. My fingers moved on their own, rubbing that too-sensitive place, their pace quickening with every stroke.

My eyes closed, allowing me to imagine myself anywhere but the floor of the washroom. I imagined that I was in my bed. I wasn't touching myself. My hands were tied to the headboard, as they've been countless times. My husband was touching me. Mistress was standing over us, her crop keeping him behaving, as he touched me the way she was telling him to. Every time I heard her snap an instruction, his touch would change, just a little, but

always more intense for me. I wasn't gagged. I was begging. I was begging Mistress to have him finish me off. I was begging so shamelessly, too.

I felt what I was imagining. More of those spark racing through me, tingling my nerves like high-voltage wires, sending near-painful, but unbearably good, jolts into those nerves. My button ached. More and more by the fraction of a second. I felt that ache like it was a balloon swelling up well past where it should have burst. Quickly it was all I could feel, that ache coursing through my entire body, overwhelming everything else, leaving me to feel only it. With every rub, every movement of my fingers, it grew, aching me more, begging me more not to stop.

I don't remember much of anything else. I just remember that burning desire, that throbbing ache, as it consumed every fiber of my being. I remember only some primal instinct in my lizard brain that refused to let me stop, no matter how badly that ache throbbed through me.

And then I remember the explosion. I remember the ache, one second so intense I had to scream, and the very next instant, tidal waves of utter bliss crashing over my entire body like the sweetest of tsunamis. I barely remember my body shuddering, twitching, almost flopping around on the floor. I just remember the pure satisfaction flooding me, filling me, so fast and so strongly.

Then I remember it being over. My eyes slowly opening. I remember feeling like a complete slut as I returned to reality. The reality that I was in my home, lying on a dirty floor and playing with myself. I remember feeling so incredibly ashamed of myself and what I'd done. And I remember being so relieved that no one had come in and caught me.

I lie there a few seconds to catch my breath. I didn't allow myself too long. I wanted off that floor. As I lay there, I could still feel that so-satisfied bliss in my privates. And I could feel myself, down there, twitching just a little, as if the waves were still fading away.

I went to pull my pants back up, to get myself fixed up and covered so quickly. Except I couldn't. My hand, the one I'd used, was utterly covered in my juices. So well covered I didn't dare touch anything with it. Instantly I had a vision in my head of what I must look like down there, how wet I must still be. And I was so glad no one would ever know!

I rolled a little, found a pair of my panties waiting for the wash, and wiped my hand on them. Then I wiped myself with them. When I was done, they were so wet, I was disgusted with myself. I felt like I'd been so cheap, so slutty. I fixed my pants, and those panties went immediately in the washer, even though it was already a few minutes into its cycle. It wasn't long. I didn't last long. I don't know how long exactly, but I'm sure it wasn't

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even two minutes.

As I resumed the laundry, I could only think about two things. That I was so glad no one would ever know. And that I felt so relieved now, but that it wouldn't last. It never does when I do it myself. I swear that ache was already starting to slowly blossom again. By evening, I'd be praying for Tony to touch me, or even better, for Mistress to appear for us.

1046/1000 words. OK, I.O.

Now that Kristen has finished reading her essay, there's no way for her to avoid the one thing she doesn't want to do. She looks forward, at her audience. And waits, on her knees for whatever comes next. She waits very uncomfortably, fidgeting lightly, cringing a bit more, and blushing undeniably.

I announce that now, everyone will ask her two questions. One about the content of her essay, why this or that is there, or what isn't there, or whatever. And a second question about the "subject matter," which means a question about her masturbation. Kristen is to answer every question fully, openly, and honestly. There will be "stern consequences" for not doing as she's told. I don't tell her that the consequence will be that she does the other lesson I've brought for her, which will require even more of that shameless lack of modesty from her to pass.

I go first, asking her "why didn't you tell us exactly how you were rubbing your clit?"

Kristen tells me "I just didn't think that was important, Ms. Rodgers."

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"Well, you can tell us now." I grin.

Kristen's face scrunches up. "I... was just rubbing it, Ms. Rodgers, up and down, right over the ache."

I let Sophie go next. Sophie is always mischievous, and she loves to humiliate women in front of me. She knows it entertains me, and Sophie lives to please me. She asks Kristen both questions at once. She asks, "what was the rest of your body doing while you were lying on that filthy floor like some gutter skank, you know, your pussy, your butt, your hands, your feet, and why didn't you tell us that! My Mistress loves details like that!"

It makes Kristen give a longer answer. "I'm sorry, Miss Slave, I didn't put them in because I don't really remember them. All I remember of it... when it was over my bottom was just a little hot, like it had this very light rug burn on it from squirming over the carpet. There was some piece of laundry, I never look to see what, clenched in my free hand. And I remember my toes were a little cramped, so I guess they were curled up pretty tightly. I don't remember what my privates were doing at all, Miss Slave, just... getting their relief, I guess."

Now I have Irene ask her questions, and I hope the seriousness in my voice is enough that she gets the message, I want real questions, not softballs to spare Kristen some shame. Either she gets it, or knows already, or has some imp in her too. She asks "Kristen, when you masturbate, is Mistress always in your fantasies?" Kristen answer with a quick, "Yes, Ma'am," the proper, polite way she knows I demand a student use to address her supervisor during a study session. Irene asks "why didn't you tell us more about that, then, since it's such an important part of your masturbation experience." And Kristen very quietly answers "because I'm too ashamed to let anyone know that I desire Mistress to be there, Ma'am."

Tony is the only one left. He gives Kristen the softest balls. He asks her how often she masturbates, to which she answers "a couple of times a

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week, Sir." Then he follows up by asking her why she didn't include that, and she answers "because I don't want anyone, especially you, to think I'm not satisfied with what we have. I am! Sometimes it just gets unbearable, and it does it so suddenly, and at such inopportune times, Sir." Her answer leaves her nearly in desperate tears, praying that he won't be upset by her answer.

I turn back to Irene and ask her "OK, Miss Study Supervisor, it's your job to think of Kristen during her sessions. Pretend that she's... partly brain dead and unable to think about herself at all, in even the tiniest way. What is Kristen feeling right now?"

"I think she's pretty embarrassed, ashamed of herself, and wants more than anything to get off her knees and have this over with, Ms. Rodgers."

"That's all probably correct, Irene." I tell her, "but you have to think about her more than that. That's the obvious. What does Kristen, both her mind and her body, need and want right now."

Irene thinks for a second. She knows what's expected of her. I've questioned her countless times at my house, and she knows I'll keep going until I get every bit of everything from her, or decide that she's being modest and holding something back, then I'll spank her and we'll try again. "I think... Kristen is... aroused, Ms. Rodgers. I mean, she seems to like anything with Mistress involved, and you're just as... strong as Mistress is, at least from what I've seen of Mistress which is next to nothing! And... I think... Kristen gets aroused by things that would embarrass me to death, like Mistress standing over me while I was with someone! I think... making her read that essay and answer our questions was just as intimate, and intimate in the same way, so it must have had a similar effect on her, right?"

Kristen misses my glance to her face, it's that fast. But it's enough for me to see that she's now truly scared. As afraid as she is humiliated. And I know, with that glance that Irene has hit it on the head. Which is

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why Kristen is so afraid. She's afraid that I might assert my dominance over her, and make her do something that would be the most degrading thing she's ever done, and just as powerfully the most arousing.

"Well, you're her supervisor, her guardian, her mommy, and her mistress, until she's done with her study time. You are her everything. You are her world. There's you and study in her universe. It's your place to think about Kristen, what she needs, and even what her body needs. Sometimes, what a body needs isn't what it's brain wants, either. If I was her supervisor, what would I do right now? Think about that, and think about what you should be doing."

Irene thinks for a minute. She's in my study group of two for toys. The study group that I have no limits for. It's also the one that tends to perform the best on their exams. "You'd check me and see if I was that... aroused, Ms. Rodgers... so I guess I should be checking Kristen..." Irene adds with equal parts nervousness and reluctance. I just stare at her with a little smile on my face.

"Kristen..." Irene says after a moment, her voice still reluctant, but now resigned to do what needs to be done in Ms. Rodgers' Neighborhood, where privacy, shame, and decency are irrelevant. "Stand up and turn around for me..."

Kristen trembles as she gets to her feet. And those little tears of shame finally run down her cheeks. I can only imagine the thoughts running through her head; how much worse can I make this for her? Unlike Irene, she doesn't know how things run at my house. She's never attended one of my study sessions, especially as a student.

Irene comes up behind Kristen and reaches around to unfasten her pants. Irene doesn't think much about Kristen's modesty, just getting this over with. Likely as much for herself as for Kristen. But she does think about Kristen's bottom, taking care as she eases the clothes down over those recently paddled cheeks. Then she pulls them quickly down to Kristen's knees and lets them fall to her ankles.

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It leaves Kristen standing there, the bottom of her blouse hanging down to cover the top half of her behind, to just below the top of her crack. And leaving bare her still-light-pink globes. Cheeks that aren't flabby at all, but are a little loose and a little flat, no longer youthful or taunt, or hard-rounded. But still shapely enough to look like a cute butt.

"Bend over, Kristen, feet apart a bit, hands on your legs, let's just do this." Irene's voice alone is enough to let Kristen know she doesn't want to be doing this any more than Kristen does.

Kristen leans over, a little slowly, a bit more reluctantly, and thoroughly unhappily. Kristen is nowhere close to fat. She's actually a little lean. But she's also loose. Her skin is no longer taut, no longer young. It gives her body a shapely, but somewhat tired, somewhat used, look to it. As if motherhood has collected it's due. The very tops of her thighs, with their loose skin, still do nothing to hide the slightly puffy mound that she's now poking out for our eyes. It lets us all see her pussy. Her long, very plump, and narrow lips as they poke downward to make that spongy mound. Lips that don't come close to meeting, leaving a wide V-shaped, gash between them. Smoothly shaven lips. A gash so wide that I can see her deep-pink folds lying under those thick lips. And I can see her clit, deep-purplish, swollen up hard and looking like the tip of a miniature cock, the width of a finger, as it rises a good ¼" above its nest of folds. And I can see the wetness, her thin, almost watery, clear honey that's covering everything. Even her gash. Even the tips of those lips.

Irene obediently puts her hands to Kristen's pussy, touching only the very edges of those fat lips with as little of her fingers as she can manage. She pulls them wide open, displaying Kristen's pinkness. A very hot, blood-flushed pinkness covered with a too-thick layer of that musky honey. From a few feet away I can still get a whiff of her girly, needy, muskiness. And I can see the entrance of her tunnel, her pussy almost trying to stretch outward with its spongy walls. It's neither narrow and tight, nor wide and loose. But it is already twitching ever-so-slightly. And just to ensure that the entire world knows that her pussy would like

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some attention, a drop of her honey falls from it as Irene bares it for inspection.

"Uh, yeah, I'd say it's definitely... ready, Ms. Rodgers." Irene says, trying to cover the distaste in her voice.

"Well then, Miss Supervisor, what does that body need?"

Irene sighs heavily, her voice clearly reluctant, "it needs... relief, Ms. Rodgers."

"You're her supervisor, what are you going to do about that, Irene? Remember, think of Kristen, no one else. Just Kristen, and what she needs, not those facades, like modesty, she puts up."

Irene releases Kristen's lips. "Stand up, Kristen... turn around." There's no hiding it in Irene's voice. It's clear Irene doesn't want to be doing this, but I can hear some resolve and firmness in that voice, too. Enough that lets me know she's taking it seriously and it's going to happen.

Kristen stands and turns to face Irene and the rest of us. I can see her quivering slightly as she stands there with her pants around her ankles, letting us all see her shaven pubes and lean legs. There's no missing the shameful tears and deep-red blush on her face as she awaits Irene's sentence. I don't miss the glistening sparkle from her sopping wet gash, either.

"Give me your clothes, Kristen. Everything." Irene says with an unusual steely firmness in her voice, one almost like I'd use. Not quite as powerful, but close. As if she's copying me as closely as she can manage to. I still hear the reluctance in her voice, enough that I know she doesn't want to be doing what she's about to do, but that firmness leaves no doubt that it's happening. Irene holds her hand out.

"Yes, Ma'am," Kristen answers immediately and automatically. She starts unbuttoning her blouse, quickly revealing a white cotton bra that doesn't match but goes nicely with, the comfy, not-that-sexy, panties

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I'd seen earlier. She hands her blouse to Irene. Even with her hands trembling, and so clear as humiliated as she's ever been, Kristen doesn't hesitate to unclasp her bra, slip it free of her shoulders, off her breasts, and hand it over. Her shoes, socks, jeans, and panties follow very quickly.

It leaves Kristen standing there fully naked, except for some jewelry. Irene makes her take that off too, even her wedding rings. Irene makes a neat pile of clothes on the coffee table.

Kristen is a little on the short side, around 5' 4", and carries around 140 pounds, I'd guess. She has an oval face with a few tiny wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, as most women do by 46, which is how old she is. She has bright blue eyes and long black hair that hangs straight down to the bottoms of her shoulders. Plus a wide mouth, framing a bright smile with fine, light-pink lips. Her body is lean, but it's skin equally loose. She's lean enough that I can see the bones of her shoulders slightly, which isn't always the case with women her age. I can just barely make out her hips bones as well. Her hips are just slightly full, exaggerating the hourglass curve of her waist. Her stomach isn't flat, but there's roll to it either: instead, at the center, the loose flesh just puffs out a bit, showing off the faint stretch marks on it. She has very ample breasts. They start a little high on her chest, gently sloping down as her mounds hang against her chest. At their tips, I can see two wide rings of a faint, but deep, pink shade. At the center of each, there's a rock-hard nipple, swollen up almost perfectly rounded in every way, looking like a half marble. Both the rings and their nipples stand straight out at us, not pointing even a hair downward, but they're also a bit towards the inside of her breasts. It gives her breasts a look like the nipples are in a perfect position while the mounds sprouting them hang a bit to her sides. They look like they'll feel spongy and squishably soft in my hands. Except for the nipples, which are certainly going to feel like little stones; they're just so hard! From the front, her pussy mound is visible, standing downward, as is the wide V of her gash between those lips. From the front, it still glistens brightly.

"Lie on the floor, missionary position, Kristen," Irene says, that

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firmness still lacing her voice.

"Yes, Ma'am." Kristen's obedient answer comes just as quickly and just as surely, despite the so-obvious humiliation, and reluctance I can see on her face.

I've never made Irene masturbate in a study session yet, but she has seen me make the other girl do it. And I've done plenty to Irene. Enough that Irene, despite her very limited sexual experience, can guess what I might do were it me supervising Kristen. "Kristen, keep your eyes open," Irene tells her. Kristen is lying on the carpet in front of the coffee table, which does nothing to conceal her from our eyes, in the only direction she really can lie. It puts her side to us, which also makes for a good view of everything. Lying there, Kristen stares up at the ceiling, but I haven't a doubt that she's seeing her audience out of the corner of her eyes. Except Irene who is now literally standing over her.

"Masturbate now, Kristen." Irene puts every bit of steel she can muster into her command.

"Yes, Ma'am," comes the automatic reply. Then Kristen puts her fingers to her pussy and starts rubbing herself. I don't know if Kristen has realized it, but it's pretty much exactly what she did in the laundry room in her essay. I'm sure that was Irene's inspiration.

Tony hasn't said anything, but he's definitely watching with interest. And with a very prominent hard cock straining against his jeans. Irene watches too, but I can tell her interest is more in seeing that Kristen obeys, not in watching Kristen pleasure herself.

It doesn't even take half a minute, more like five or ten seconds, for Kristen to start showing that aching desire she wrote about. First, her bottom squirms, grinding down hard against the floor. Her mouth opens and she breathes deep and fast, her breaths taking on a deep and guttural moaning note. Her toes curl up. Her left hand flails wildly for a few seconds, clearly trying to find anything to grip. It doesn't. Her fist balls up and spends a few seconds pounding hard on the floor.

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"Kristen." Irene surprises me by saying anything, let alone by saying it so firmly, "This is just like your essay, isn't it?" Kristen answers "Yes, Ma'am," in a very breathy, very sultry voice. "Do you feel those little sparks now?" Again, a quick yes. "How do you feel knowing we're all watching you?"

"Like a complete slut, Ma'am, more humiliated than I've ever-- OOH!! - been, Ma'am!"

"Then why is that pussy dripping... slut?" Now I hear a bit of revulsion, masking a bit of excitement, in Irene's steely voice.

"Because..." Kristen answers in a voice that's as much of a moan as words. Her left hand gives up, and flies to her body, urgently caressing over her breasts, kneading them firmly, stroking and pinching her nipples. "I LIKE IT, MA'AM!" Kristen cries out, then immediately moans out a deep, "OH!, UHHHHHHH!, OH, LORD! Please, don't watch me, I'm gonna cum!"

"NO!" Irene snaps. She's seen me make Alysyn masturbate before when after flirting with some boy all day in college, Alysyn showed up too horny to study properly. I did that as I always supervise masturbation. I never allow the sub to climax until she's given permission. Irene, despite overtly trying hard not to directly watch the petite, very-young-looking, 18-year-old Alysyn pleasure herself, must have noticed. "You were told to masturbate, not cum, slut."

"OOHHHH!!!!" Kristen cries out. Her bottom squirms wildly, her free hand kneads her breast hard enough to leave little white finger marks on its mound. Her mouth hangs wide, breathing out more, deeper, and more desperately urgent moans. "UH! Please, Ma'am, may I please?" She cries out in those deep moans.

"Ask me. By name." Irene tells her. "Pretend I'm your Mistress... yo so love for Mistress to stand over you."

"Miss Connors, Ma'am, may this worthless slut please be allowed

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to cum now, Ma'am?"

"NO," Irene says firmly. "I said pretend I'm your Mistress. You think you're so slick, slut, you don't even know I've heard you ask Her. Ask me right, or you'll wait a long time before I allow you to ask again slut!"

"Miss Connors... PLEASE! Please, Ma'am, please, please, will you please watch this worthless slut make her skanky pussy cum? Please, Miss Connors, please allow me to cum so you can just how slutty I am, Ma'am, please!... OHHHH!!!! PLEASE" Kristen screeches out desperately, "PLEASE WATCH ME CUM, MISS CONNORS, PLEASE WATCH ME CUM!"

"Fine, cum like a whore." Clearly, Irene has picked up plenty from watching me. Enough that I wonder if she might have some interest in exploring games herself. Id' wondered about that, but she's always been so humble before me. Now, she's coming out almost as strong as I would. Almost. I'd still make Kristen wait, no matter that her thighs are getting a fresh coat of honey.

"MMMM..... MMMM... OH!--YESSSSSSSS!" Kristen screams out, her hips snapping up off the floor. Then her body thrashes every which way, just as if it were lying on some power lines or something. She thrashes hard, crisply, and wildly, and screeches some primal moaning cries. Her orgasm goes on over a minute until finally, her hand falls away from her dripping pussy. A few seconds later her body falls, her knees and left hand returning to the floor. She lies flat, panting harder than a dog in a sauna. But her eyes obediently remain open, letting us all see the dreamy glassiness in them. And the glistening ocean of wetness that covers her pussy mound and upper thighs. The goosebumps on her mound, thighs, and pubes. And the light quivering tremors sweeping over her body like waves.

Irene steps back and looks to me with a lot of question on her face. I nod to her, letting her know that I'm satisfied with her performance as

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Kristen's supervisor. Relief sweeps over Irene's face. She turns with me, following my eyes, to look at Tony. His hand flies from atop the swollen bulge in his pants. Irene looks disgusted even as she struggles to suppress a giggle. Tony obviously enjoyed the little show, too.

I wait a few minutes until Kristen has her breath back, then I ask Irene if she's "confident enough that Kristen has done her studying, and has been taken care of, well enough to 'literally bet her butt on it.'" She tells me she is. I have her get Kristen up to her knees, and it takes Kristen a minute. It's not just her legs, but her entire body that's gone rubbery.

I point Irene to the floor beside Kristen and wait until she's kneeling next to her naked mother. "Kristen, it's clear to me that you don't truly understand your loving daughter. I think you need to learn a little lesson in teenage college girl. I will leave you an assignment. You will do it. You will attend Wednesday's study session, as a student, with Irene. Until then, you will need study time to get your lesson done. We'll make it... 9:00-10:00 every night. Miss Connors will supervise you, and she will supervise you fully and completely. Do you understand, Kristen?"

"Yes, Ms. Rodgers" Kristen answers in a dreamy voice.

"Good, then for the remainder of this night you can learn to be a teenager. By being one. You will be the 18-year-old daughter in this family. Irene will be your loving mommy. That lasts until 8:00 in the morning, at which point Mr. Connors will tell you if you may resume your place as wife and mother, or whether you will remain a teenager for Saturday. Saturday lasting until 8:00 am Sunday morning. There is no halfway. For those 24 hours, you will either be wife and mom, or daughter, for every second of them. It's his choice. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ms. Rodgers." Kristen answers. Her voice and face say she's too lost to have really thought about it. She's just accepting whatever is dished out to her.

"Irene, as I've said, you will be Kristen's mommy until 8:00 in the

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morning, or 8:00 Sunday if he chooses. That makes him Kristen's daddy, doesn't it? Since mommy and daddy are always a couple, you will also fill in as his wife. And you will be a wife to your husband, as a mommy should be for a daddy."

Before anyone can say anything, I turn to Tony, "At 8:00 am in the morning, both of these females will kneel before you. Whichever wife pleases you the most, you will choose to be your wife for Saturday, since you don't have any plans for it to interfere with. The other will be your daughter for the day. You will choose honestly, or all three of you will answer to your Mistress for your disobedience. You will choose, based on Irene's performance as your wife tonight compared to Kristen's typical performance recently. Do not allow your feelings, especially your feelings for these females, to factor into it. I don't care if they're uncomfortable with the roles they end up with, I don't care what they want, I don't care how humiliated they are. I care that you make an honest choice and have the more-pleasing wife for tomorrow. Do not disobey me."

"Yes, Ma'am, Ms. Rodgers," Tony says, even though his face says he can't imagine Irene as his wife. Can't imagine how she could make him happier than Kristen, the wife he chose.

"Good, Irene you are to be a proper wife for your husband." I stand, go to the coffee table, and pick up Kristen's wedding rings. I put them on Irene's finger. "There, now you are his wife, as well as Kristen's mommy. Go on, do mommy and wife things."

"Yes, Ma'am." Irene answers. The look on her face tells me she's more uncomfortable with this idea than she's ever been with anything before. I'm sure she's wondering how long I'm going to stay. How much I'm going to make her do for Tony. And a zillion other things.



Chapter 2: Irene's Grown-Up Lesson

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Irene looks to Tony for a moment, wondering what he might be expecting a wife to do for him. Then she looks to Kristen, her daughter-for-the-night, and wonders just as much what to do with her. Finally, she looks over at the clock and sees that it's a few minutes after ten. She sighs. "Kristen, there's almost an hour until bedtime. You may get up from your knees and put some clothes on now."

"Thank you, Ma'am." Kristen answers. She gets up as fast as her rubbery legs will move her and grabs her clothes off the table. She pulls them on very quickly.

The 11:00 bedtime is Irene's bedtime. I require all of my study students to have a firm bedtime, just like younger girls would. The rule is simple, in her bed before eleven, and stay in it until after six. No exceptions, no getting up, not even a bathroom trip. Just rest and sleep. No electronics, either. Not even music to sleep with. Obviously, Irene has figured out that what were her house rules a minute ago are now Kristen's.

Irene still looks lost at the wife part. "I ask her what she thinks her husband might like for her to do now. After all, a wife's place is to please her man."

Kristen, now dressed again, takes a seat on the sofa and pretends to flip through a magazine. Really she's silently watching Irene. I'd bet she's fervently praying that Irene will fumble at the wife part, leaving her the obvious choice for Tony. I'd bet she's less sure Tony will choose her regardless; doing so would risk Olive's wrath for all three of them, and Tony would never risk causing Irene to suffer. He'd more likely suffer the uncomfortableness of having Irene play wife another day rather than risk Irene's butt to Olive.

It takes me a few questions, but soon Irene tells me that usually, Tony likes a cold beer about now. She usually sees him get one. Tonight she guesses the beer was just forgotten with the "other things" going on. I have her humbly offer him a beer.

Chapter 2: Irene's Grown-Up Lesson

Irene kneels before Tony, "Studly, " I told her to use Kristen's pet name for him as if she were Kristen, not Irene. "may I please get you a beer, Sir?" She bats her eyelashes flirtatiously even though I didn't tell her to do it. Clearly, to me, she's just as comfortable in the submissive role as she just appeared to be in the dominant role.

"Uh, sure, I'd love that, sweetie." He addresses her as if she were Kristen.

Irene hopes back to her feet, glad to know what to do now, and heads for the kitchen. I glance over to see Kristen watching, ashamed, curious, interested, and nervous all at the same time.

Irene soon returns and kneels down exactly as she has seen Sophie does a million times. With her knees and feet spread wide, her chest up straight as she faces Tony, and her palms flat, upturned even with her nipples and six inches out in front of them. An icy beer rests atop her palms. "Here is your beer, Sir." Irene offers him with a wide smile on her face.

"Thanks, sweetie." Tony takes the beer and sips from it.

Irene rises to her feet just long enough to sit beside him. For study time, I restrict clothing. Except at my house where it's almost always simply forbidden. One top, one bottom, shoes, socks, and underwear only. And since I interrupted Irene's study time tonight, she's wearing that minimal clothing. She has on all black, a color she tends to favor. There's a tight cotton top that covers her from her breasts down to her waist, but above her breasts, it has only spaghetti straps. And she has on loose-fitting black cargo shorts, down to her knees, with white ankle socks and sneakers. She settles into the seat beside Tony.

Then she immediately cuddles close beside him, pressing her lean, youthful body snugly against his, side-to-side. She lets her left hand, the side against Tony, lie casually across his lap with her hand on his thigh. She leans her head against his shoulder. As she habitually does, Irene is wearing a sweet perfume. I can smell it, so I'm sure Tony is getting a

good whiff of Irene's scent, too.

They make a slightly odd-looking couple. Tony isn't that tall, he's maybe around 5' 8" and close to 200 pounds. But that's all muscle, not a drop of fat on him. It gives him a look that I think of as a fireplug. Short, but stout, strong, and so manly. Plus he works outside, which has the skin I can see tanned a deep bronze. He's 48, but he could easily pass for 40. He has short brown hair, trimmed neatly, and green eyes.

Irene is about the opposite. She's only 18. She's more petite, around 5' 2", and she's lean, maybe 110 pounds, tops. She has her dad's dark brown hair, but hers is long and hangs free like her mom's. And she has her mom's blue eyes and a wide mouth with light pink lips. Irene's lips, however, are fuller than Kristen's. Even dressed I can see that Irene has a very feminine curvy figure, and pert, full breasts.

For a second Tony looks very uncomfortable with Irene cuddling beside him, especially with her arm across him. Maybe just because that has Irene's forearm lying against his still-hard cock, which she has to be feeling even through the thick denim. He takes another sip and steadily relaxes.

For her part, Irene doesn't shirk away from him, despite his obvious arousal. I see it on her face, as she thinks for a minute about her father and what he likes, or what she guesses he does from what little she's seen. It's as if she's trying hard to please me, as a good sub should, without regard for the normal boundaries, no matter what she might think and feel about whatever she's going to have to do.

Irene uses her other hand to lightly trace a line down Tony's chest. She says nothing, just strokes his chest tenderly.

Kristen doesn't dare say anything, but she glares at the couple hard, her face equal amounts of anger, humiliation, and nervousness. After 23 years of marriage, I have no doubt Tony and Kristen have grown more comfortable with each other, and also less "hot" for each other. I'm sure right about now Kristen is realizing that Irene is young, pretty, fresh, and

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clearly uninhibited – or at least obedient enough not to let it show. And thus, she could make a very pleasant wife, very refreshing, wife for Tony. Assuming he forgets Irene is his daughter, that is. Pleasant enough that Tony might have to choose Irene over Kristen for tomorrow, condemning Kristen to another 24 hours of humiliation.

Unlike Kristen, Irene has only had one lover. And that was a short-lived, but very intense, high school affair that ended badly. It leaves Irene very inexperienced, with just enough knowledge to get through the basics without looking clumsy. But then I see her turn her head and plant a very gentle kiss on Tony's ear. She takes the tip of her tongue and licks along his ear slowly and very affectionately. "Mmm..." Irene coos very softly, "you are so strong!... I wish our little girl wasn't watching... I can't wait to tease you, Sir..." I reevaluate and decide Irene has been far nosier than she's let on. She's seen, or at least heard, plenty of Olive's visits here. Enough to know her father wants to be teased.

Irene puts a basketball game on the TV for him, telling him to "relax after working so hard for his family, and let 'your very loving wife' take 'such great care of you.'" Her free hand finds a few more ways to caress him even with him trying hard to focus on the game.

They stay like that for around 20 minutes, until it's about ten till 11:00. I sit on the love seat, Sophie to attend to me, and just watch. Them, I'm not much of a basketball fan, unless it's my beloved USA Jaguars playing, then I'm a rabid fan. But I'm also a nursing student and med school hopeful, at USA.

Irene plants a little kiss and nibble at the base of his neck. It's enough to send a chill through him and get a very hot shiver. "I'll be back, Studly..." Irene laces her voice with honey and promise. Then she gets to her feet and turns to Kristen, "Okay, baby-girl, it's almost bedtime! You know the rules... let's go."

Kristen cringes and sighs as she gets to her feet. She heads for the bathroom. I quickly whisper to Irene, and Irene stops Kristen. "Not

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mommy and daddy's bathroom, baby-girl, yours." Irene points to the bathroom beside her bedroom and the spare room. Kristen cringes even more but obediently heads for it. I watch the show and see that Tony is watching very eagerly as his wife suffers yet another humiliation at Irene's hands. Irene heads that direction but stays away from the bathroom. She just waits for Kristen to come out.

Then she follows a very shamed, very unhappy, Kristen into Irene's teenage-girl bedroom. Part of bedtime, in my world, is that mom is supposed to "tuck" her girl in. And "big girls," meaning anyone over 16, must sleep nude. I figure they might as well get used to it. Men so prefer to have a naked woman lying next to them, and most of the girls will sooner or later get married. Or at least cohabitate with some man. Now with their roles reversed, Irene knows she's to tuck Kristen in for the night. Which means she's to wait as Kristen takes her clothes off, tosses them in the hamper, and gets into bed. Irene is also to make sure that everything, even the lights, are all the way off before the clock strikes 11:00.

Irene must handle it well. She's back at Tony's side a full minute before eleven. "I have our little girl tucked in..." Irene coos with more honey than I've ever heard in her voice, now that she's again cuddled up beside Tony. Irene tenderly strokes his cheek. "I am going to be a perfect wife for you, Sir!" Irene rolls a little onto him and puts her lips right to his. Before Tony realizes what Irene is doing, she's kissing him very passionately, her tongue eagerly exploring his mouth. It only takes a fraction of a second for Tony to start kissing her back, just as hotly. Irene wraps her thin arms around him and makes it a long kiss.

Irene slips back to his side, now on her side more facing him. She has her left arm around his shoulders. "Oh my..." Irene purrs in a breathy, sultry voice, "you seem to have a big problem." Her hand comes to rest atop the straining hard bulge in his jeans. She turns to me, "Mistress Rodgers, may I please have permission to see about my husband's huge problem?"

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"Yes." I tell her, "You may attend to it, but no sucking it, no fucking him, and certainly no wasting it by masturbating it more than a stroke or two."

"Thank you, Mistress Rodgers!" Irene squeals with excitement in her voice. It's enough that I'm wondering how much of this she's having to fake. Maybe she's a better actress than I thought, or maybe she's less-disgusted by the thought of being with her father than she is excited about submitting control to me. Or maybe she's so eager to submit, she doesn't care what I make her do.

In a couple of seconds, she has Tony's pants unzipped, and his cock poking out above the waistband of his underwear, which she's pulled down as far as she could. I can see even now that Tony has a rather nice cock. At least six inches, maybe even seven, and if it's not a full 1 ½" thick, it's very close to it. Plus it's circumcised, offering unhindered access to the fat, swollen, purple head. Irene's fingertips dance along his shaft, making it twitch hard.

Tony forgets about the game on TV. He looks at Irene with astonishment on his face. And a touch of "this is wrong!" on his face. But also some true eagerness on it. Mostly it's that visage of shock I like. The shock of his daughter's utterly uninhibited, and shameless, teasing of his bared cock.

Irene strokes it so affectionately for a couple of minutes with her fingertips until it's twitching and jumping eagerly. It's enough time for Tony to relax, get past his instinctive aversion to being touched like this by his daughter, and melt into the sweet teases.

Irene slips down to her knees beside him, putting just her lips to the side of his shaft. She kisses it. Not once, but slowly kissing her way up every bit of it's bared length. Until her lips are on the bulbous purple head. She puts the tip of her tongue to that and swirls her tongue around the tip of his cock without ever closing her lips around it. Heeding my instruction not to suck it, and not wanting there to be any confusion about

her behaving.

Tony lets out a long deep primal groaning moan as her tongue about kills him with its delicate softness. He pants a single deep breath as Irene releases his cock.

I reevaluate again. I don't know where, in her total of six sexual encounters, Irene learned this. But clearly, she's learned somethings. I wonder if it might just have been her sneaking around and paying very close attention to Olive giving Kristen instructions. Maybe remembering them and wanting to try them out, but not being with a partner to try them on. Maybe, I think, to her, this is a safe way to explore things she's been dying to explore, with proper guidance. Then again, she's so clearly submitting herself fully to me, that's not all just play.

Irene kneels between his legs, plants a single, but long, kiss on the side of his cock's head, and then rises up, leaning forward over him. She braces her hands on the back of the sofa around him, and leans forward, putting her face in front of his. "That is so huge! I should have known such a strong man would have such wonderful manhood! I so hope Mistress allows me to do more than just tease it!" Irene doesn't seem to be faking the honey in her voice, either. If she's acting, she might seriously consider Hollywood as a career option.

She lifts one hand from the sofa and puts it to her hip. She rises up a little more, butting her chest in front of his face. Her hands start moving up slowly, caressing her taut side as it rises up. She purrs with a blossoming urgency. And her hand keeps moving up, taking the thin little top with it, steadily, teasingly, slowly, baring her flat, hard stomach. She keeps lifting it up, taking half a minute to get to her breasts. Then she takes another full half-minute to ease it up and bare her bra. Unlike Kristen's fairly plain and modest bra, Irene has on a very lacy strapless black bra with mere half-cups. Cups that leave a lot of the insides of her firm mounds bared. Now she hurries a little, pulling her top off.

Tony's eyes watch the bottom edge of her shirt the entire time,

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seeing every inch of her body as she bares it for him. Until she reveals that sexy bra. Then his eyes lock on that, and especially on the naked cleavage between her mounds.

Irene grins, seeing that he's enjoying her tease. "Oh... you like my bra, don't you, Studly." Irene purrs sweetly, "Maybe you'll like my panties, too..." She slowly wiggles her shoulders, moving her bra-clad breasts from side to side a little, and watches as his eyes follow them. "Oh!" Irene giggles with honey and excitement in her voice, "You want to see my boobies, don't you, Sir!"

Irene reaches up behind her and deftly unclasps her bra. It falls to his lap, landing atop his cock. It stays there. Irene stays where she is for a moment, allowing his eyes to feast upon her breasts. Breasts that are very different from Kristen's. The breasts that have been the only ones he's seen for decades. Irene's are firm and pert. They're full and rounded, standing out from her chest instead of lying back on it. But they have the same wide ring of faint pinkness that Kristen does and the same wide, rounded half-marbles of nipples. Nipples that are as hard as rocks, sticking up prominently from her mounds. Mounds that, while very rounded, have an almost pointiness to their tips that seems to push her nipples out a hair further.

Tony stares at the unfamiliar breasts before his eyes. Breasts he's never seen before. Breasts that anyone would admit are very attractive to look at. He doesn't even notice as Irene unbuttons his shirt. He seems to have eyes only for those breasts and clearly has long since forgotten that they're attached to his daughter.

Once Irene has his chest bared, she lowers herself down, lightly resting the slightly pointy tips of her breasts against his chest. She slowly slinks her way down him, smiling the entire time, until his cock is lying in the valley between her hard mounds. She lowers herself a little more, snuggling his shaft between those breasts. She looks up to him and gives a muted catty purr. Then, with a wide smile on her face, she starts

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rocking her chest, stroking his cock with her breasts.

Tony's eyes get wide. For a second they stare down, disbelieving, having to see for themselves what Irene is doing for him. His eyes briefly meet hers, and I see that look of inhibition, of knowing this shouldn't be, flash over him as he sees Irene's smiling face. Then his head lolls back and he groans another very primal moan. It seems the smaller head wins, again! Men!

After a few seconds, far too little time to Tony, I'm sure, Irene is slinking down again. And before Tony is done with his groan, it's her mouth back on the head of his cock. Her teeth clamping it gently still as her tongue teases it. It's enough to get Tony squirming a little and purring his own hungry moans.

Irene starts back up, her lips kissing their way up his stomach as her breasts work their way back to his cock. She gives him a few more seconds of that soft stroking with her mounds, then continues her way up, kissing him while allowing her breasts to caress up him. Until her lips finally find his. This time Tony needs no encouragement. As soon as Irene's lips are on his, they're kissing passionately. I see Irene's fingers tips sneak down to tease along his cock. As she touches him, he shivers hard, his cock twitching just as crisply.

Irene straightens up to stand in front of him. Her shorts seem to have somehow disappeared on the teasing trek. He hadn't noticed. But now he definitely notices the skimpy pair of black lace panties she has on. They have a very small triangle in front with as much lace fringing as there is silky fabric. It has a low waistline, well below her hips. And for sides, it has only a narrow band of lace. It's small enough that it leaves no doubt there's an equally small, well-trimmed, and bushy bush behind it.

"I thought you'd like my panties!" Irene giggle very sweetly. "Aren't they so cute!" She wiggles her narrow hips a little to flaunt them. "Oh, I'll bet you want to see the back of them, too!" Irene giggles again. She spins quickly, stopping with her backside to him. It gives him a view

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of her very hard-rounded cheeks with their defined crack between them. And a view of the back of those panties. A thin band of lace running up her crack, expanding into a very small V at the top of her crack, where it joins the waistband. It's all lace, not even a stitch of silk back there. Irene tortures him by wiggling her bare bottom slowly and seductively. Maybe not as skilled as a stripper could, but she's definitely a dancer, and she has the flowing moves to prove it.

Tony's eyes stay locked on her bottom.

Irene giggles again and has a way of pulling off as seductive, not silly, or laughing. She turns her head back to see what Tony's doing. Seeing him eyeing up those very firm and rounded petite cheeks, Irene's giggly-sugary voice asks "Oh, you want to see my butt without them!" She slips her thumbs under the waistband of the panties and very slowly starts to teasing ease them down. It's erotic and sensual, despite not really revealing anything that wasn't already visible with their so-minimal coverage. But she eases them down, taunting Tony hotly. And his eyes follow the panties all the way until finally, they're below her globes. Irene moves them down a little further and leaves them around her thighs, about an inch below her bottom.

"Or do you want to see if I'm shaven smooth, or if I have hair like a big girl?" She doesn't expect an answer. She spins quickly, stopping with her small and very neatly trimmed bush in front of his eyes. She gives him a second to see how thick her fur is, how it completely covers, and almost fully hides, her pussy mound. She opens her thighs a little to let him see the tuft of dense fur between them and to let him wonder if it's just fur, or if there's a puffy mound underneath of it.

"Or maybe you want to see my 'big girl' pussy." She leans over, looking him in the eyes. She gives him another long kiss, her fingertips teasing his cock. As she breaks the kiss, she pauses with her lips a hair from his and very softly asks "do you want to see my sweet pussy. Do you want to see how hot and wet for you I am?"

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Tony merely nods. Slightly.

Irene kisses him again. Then she stands and quickly turns her back to him. She leans forward. Unlike Kristen, Irene doesn't succumb to her shyness. She gets her back flat, her thighs as wide as the panties will allow them to spread. And she pokes her pussy out for his eyes. After a second, she wiggles it. From this view, fully unhindered, it's clear that she didn't inherit Kristen's pussy. Irene has a soft, more gently, puffing out mound. And she has long wide lips, that are a little thin. That meet fully leaving only a deep-pink line. A glimmering line.

"Oh... I'll bet you can't see too well with all that hair in your way!" Irene coos seductively as her hands are moving lightning fast to her mound. She pulls her lips wide open, fully baring every bit of her pinkness to Tony. She's a shade lighter than Kristen, more pinkish and less red, but at least as blood-flushed and hot looking as Kristen was. Irene's just as wet, too. Only with honey that's a little thicker, more like syrup, clear, with only a light muskiness to it. A muskiness that mingles so erotically with the sweetness of her perfume. Irene's clit, a touch deeper-shade of pink than the rest, pokes up like a stiff half-marble from the wrinkly nest of folds. And a very narrow look tunnel, with spongy-soft and thick, meaty walls, beckons with a good coating of that slick honey. "See, Studly, it's dying to have you! I'm dying to have you!" Irene rotates her hips with small, slow circles while displaying her most intimate places shamelessly to Tony.

She stands, lets her panties fall to the floor, and kicks them away. Then she sits back, putting her bottom atop his thick cock, letting the shaft nestle in her crack. She rocks her bottom, slowly, but with slightly long undulations stroking his cock with her butt. It's enough that Tony's purring loudly.

Irene leans forward a little more, rocking her bottom up for his eyes and putting her very hot pussy directly atop his stiffness. She wiggles, undulating her hips like this, teasing his shaft with her silky fur. Then the

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rotates around and slithers up his body until she's kissing him again, putting every bit of passion she has into this one. With their lips locked, she takes his hands and puts them to her sides. She nudges them once.

That's all it takes for his hands to begin eagerly exploring the unknown body under them. Like any man's, his hands caress her sides, as they work down to her bottom. When they get there, gliding lightly over it for the first time, Irene gives a little girly squeal and manages to pull that over very erotically. I'm sure it reminds him that he now has a much younger body under those hands. A very shapely and pretty one, too. Something I'm sure he'd given up hope of feeling again as Kristen aged and her body showed it.

His hands caress her bottom tenderly. They move up, finding her pert breasts, and caress those just as hungrily. Irene purrs hotly, with real eagerness in her voice, as he explores her body. She keeps kissing him, her hands exploring his body.

I let them enjoy the other's body for a minute or two, before telling Irene "undress your husband, I think he's anxious for some real teasing!"

"Oh, YES! Mistress Rodgers!" Irene purrs seductively. It doesn't take her long to get Tony's clothes off, her hands always tenderly caressing him as they move over his body. And she makes sure that his eyes always have a very hot sight of something very intimate.

With him naked, I suggest Irene takes him to bed. Irene very eagerly takes him by the hand and very sweetly, with a whole bee-hive of honey in her voice, asks "will you please allow me to take you to bed now, Studly." She even bats her eyes at him. When he nods and gets to his feet, she quickly leads him to their bedroom. His and Kristen's, but theirs for tonight.

As soon as Irene gets him to the bedroom, and Tony seems as eager to get there as she does, I have them sit on the edge of the bed for just a moment. Irene ends up on Tony's right. Her left hand ends up wrapped lightly around his cock, a cock I can now see is definitely close to the

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seven-inch mark. She reaches across herself with her right hand and caresses his thigh while looking to me with a look on her face that begs me to hurry up and let them get at it.

"Since Irene wishes to show you what a good wife she'll be for you, so that's what she's going to do tonight." I tell Irene to lie him back on the bed, and I'll "teach her to really satisfy a man." I know Olive is always using that line with him and Kristen, it's one of her favorites. Thus, Tony won't think anything about it. Neither will Irene if she's been anywhere near as nosy as I'm pretty sure she's been.

She lies Tony on his back and very softly gets him into the center of the bed. I have Sophie find a couple of his ties, and give them to Irene, telling her to tie his hands to the headboard. "Men just get so anxious!" I add, "like all they enjoy is the finish line, when all the fun is getting there!" I help her to tie him so they're tight enough that he won't be getting out of them, but also loose enough that they'll be comfortable for him.

Tony doesn't object, just lies there, and allows Irene to tie him down. It helps that Irene, without being told to, makes sure that while she's tying him, he always has a very hot view of some part of her. A body part that's always just beyond his reach. I'd swear this girl has more experience than she's admitted to, or else she's learned an awful lot from spying on Olive. And now I'm going to find out which. Olive will tell me, and she'll know if she's been spied on. She always knows, but she's the type to let Irene think she's gotten away with it, and never let Tony and Kristen know anything about it.

Now that Tony is pretty much at Irene's mercy I tell Irene to start teasing him some more and to pay extra attention to that "delicious" cock of his.

She very happily says "Yes, Mistress Rodgers." Then she lies his cock along his stomach and slowly strokes the underside of it with the tip of her tongue. Her tongue even follows it as the twitching cock dances over his stomach. It, that one lick, is enough to get him purring deep

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moans again.

I let her go for about ten minutes. Irene teases him well. As greedily as if she's dying to have him herself, not just doing this for him, and not just doing this to please me, her Mistress for the night. Were this going to be a lasting thing, I'd correct that. Mistress is reserved for those owned, and I haven't taken her as my property. But for a one-off, I'll let it slide. Irene doesn't need sternness. She needs unyielding guidance, so that's what she'll get. Clear, concise instructions, an easy path to obedience and pleasing me, should she humbly accept her place and follow it. The sternness comes when she doesn't accept her place, but so far, it looks as if she's very eager to be in that place.

Now that he's fully naked as well, Irene has a few more options to tease him. It's not long before she tries taking his balls into her mouth to tease them with her tongue. Immediately she discovers that makes Tony nearly cry out a moan, and gets his hips squirming. To his sweet horror, he discovers that turns Irene into an Energizer Bunny. She spends a lot of time on those balls, never leaving them for too long, and always making sure that her pussy is in front of his eyes, but also beyond the range of his lips, as she does it. It keeps Tony squirming hotly, which keeps Irene very wet.

I decide to push Irene. To see if she really wants that cock, or if she's acting. I wait until she atop him, straddling his shoulders, her pussy before his eyes. As she frees his balls I take hold of her head and ask her gently if she's ever "suck a real manly cock before."

"No, Mistress Rodgers, not one anything as gigantic as this one, Mistress!" Irene tells me in a very shamefully quiet voice as if she wishes she had. And with a trace of nervousness in her voice. I ask if she's "anxious" about this one, and she just as shyly tells me she is, "I'm worried it's too big, Mistress, that I won't be able to suck it perfectly like my kind, loving, husband deserves from his little slut wife, Mistress."

I can't imagine Irene would have thought of that line on her own,

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so now I'm assuming she's been listening in on Kristen and Tony's sessions with Olive. I'll talk to Olive later. "I'll teach you to be a very slutty wife," I tell Irene as I take hold of her head, on of my hands atop her head, the other at her jaw, forcing her mouth to stretch all the way open.

I put her mouth to his cock, and start her taking it very slowly into her mouth. It's thick enough to almost stuff her small mouth. But it's not too thick for her, her teeth aren't scraping him. At least not while I hold her jaws so widely apart. I keep her head going down steadily, feeling the resistance as his cock slips deeper into her, steadily filling her mouth. Then more resistance as it reaches the back of her mouth and forces her to stretch her neck to allow the hard shaft to keep slipping into her.

That's when I feel her muscles tensing as she starts to gag. I keep her going, telling her "I have you, Irene, don't be scared, just think about how much your husband is going to love you doing this for him. It'll be like a fantasy for him, it'll be so good." She gags hard, and I keep her going, the cock slipping further into her. A seconds later I feel the hard resistance as the tip of his shaft pushes against the entrance of her throat. It's a 1.5" fat shaft pushing against a tube that's cinched up to less than ½" across. A tube that can, but doesn't want to stretch wide enough to accept the invader. Irene chokes hard, her body's reflexes trying to push out the cock before it slips into her throat and actually chokes her. I keep her head moving, feeling the resistance growing firmer as the shaft pushes hard against that tube. And then, suddenly the resistance is gone, the cock still moving into her mouth. Irene chokes hard, her stomach heaving a little, as the shaft slides into her throat. To Irene, it's like swallowing a huge bite of food. She feels it moving down her throat, stretching her too-wide, as it moves. Her instincts tell her it shouldn't be. But I keep her held tight and keep her going. Quickly her body accepts the feeling, even if it's very unnatural for her. Her choking quiets. The cock slips further into her mouth.

I make her take every bit of that cock, stopping her head only when

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her lips are against his hairy pubes and balls. I hold her head steady and still, the cock in her throat. I can even see it passing through her neck, stretching the sides of her neck out it has her stuffed so fully. "You can breathe in a moment, Irene. Listen to your Mistress. Sluts take all of their man. You can do it, it's down your throat now, slut. I'm going to get you started, then I'm going to let you go, and you are going to keep sucking this like a cheap gutter whore."

I start her head moving back up, my stroke a little faster. It takes several long seconds for the cock to slide fully out of her throat so she can finally breathe again. She sucks a fast, hungry breath through her nose. I ignore that and keep her going, making her pace steady, but very leisurely. A pace that's going to make him suffer as he waits to cum, but that will also make him cum. Just slowly. I keep her going until almost all of his long shaft is out of her mouth, only the tip of its head left inside, her lips around the center of that bulbous head. Then I reverse her stroke, making her go back down at the same pace and take all of his cock into her throat.

It's so much, so good, that the first stroke has Tony purring like he's Tony the Tiger. Very sweet, very loud, very eager purrs that just beg Irene to do more of this for him. Purrs that wordlessly tell her this is incredible for him.

With each stroke, even the second, it gets easier for Irene as her body comes to understand that its reflexes aren't needed, whatever this huge thing is, Irene wishes it crammed into her throat. It takes her about ten strokes to get past the gagging. Once she does, I let her go, and stand close by to watch and make certain that she's doing this properly.

Irene keeps going. Her first stroke on her own is a bit tentative, but her confidence quickly grows. In a few strokes, she's devouring that manly cock like a porn star. Only I doubt her eagerness is an act. Tony moans so torturously, so sweetly, that each one adds to Irene's confidence as she knows, for certain, that Tony is in heaven under her.

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I'm really watching Tony as much as I'm watching Irene. Only I'm watching Tony's pubes for those little twitches that are every man's sure giveaway that he's about to cum. As soon as I see the first one, I wait, allowing Irene to finish her stroke. Once she's at the apex, just that tip left in her mouth, I put a hand under her jaw and nudge her up. She doesn't resist me, but I see the question in her eyes.

Tony groans hard, his groan pure unbridled frustration. "Irene, do you believe that silly boy down there? He was just about to cum in your mouth! It's far too early for that! We're going to be very sweet to him tonight. If he won't behave on his own, we'll just force him to take some time and fully enjoy the beautiful young body his wife is giving him tonight!"

"Yes, Mistress." Irene giggles in that sultry-girly giggle of hers, "I'd love to make him fully enjoy my body, Mistress! Every last bit of me, Mistress!"

I have her tease him for several long minutes, this time completely ignoring his cock. It gives him a chance to ebb back from the edge of climax, where he was. Which will give Irene more time to tease him back there. She "accidentally," a move I can see is blatantly intention on her part, lets her breast slip across his lips. Tony immediately catches her stiff nipple with his lips and sucks on it. Irene freezes in place. A split second later she shivers hard and starts purring. Then she finally pretends to recognize her "mistake" and takes her nipple from him. But she also sees that it makes his cock twitch and jump to suck her nipples, so she makes that "mistake" a few more times. And Tony takes full advantage of every one of them, eagerly and very happily sucking on however much breast she'll let him have.

Tony waits a full ten minutes with absolutely nothing touching his cock. It never softens even a tiny bit. It spends most of the time jumping around atop his pubes and stomach, begging for some attention.

Finally, I tell Irene "let's give him something fresh to enjoy." I take

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hold of her hips and guide her to straddle his, then to lower herself down, putting her furry lips atop his stiffness. I have lean over and kiss him, her hands exploring his body as she does. Then I have her straight up and raise her hips. I take hold of his cock and bring it up, putting its fat head against the drenched fur on her lips, letting him feel that her pussy is so wet that her hair is soaked. Steadying his cock, I have Irene slowly lower herself down. The cock very slowly eases its way into her tight pussy.

"AH!" Irene gasps out, mostly with pure bliss, but also with a tiny trace of strain in her voice. "OH-MY-GOD!" Irene's voice is soft and low, sultry and honeyed, and breathy deep. "It's even bigger than I thought! It's got me stuffed so full! You have the most incredible dick, Sir! I am such a lucky wife tonight!"

I move Irene, having her lean forward with her hands at his sides. I hold up a hand and Sophie quickly pulls a latex glove on it for me and puts a tiny dollop of lubricating jelly on the tip of my first finger. Then Sophie pulls Irene's cheeks wide apart for me, baring the deep purple ring of her tiny little asshole. I touch my fingertip to the deep-purple wrinkly ring, pressing very lightly against her muscle, and feeling her reflexes tense her bottom up. I whisper instructions into her ear, then raise my voice so Tony will hear me as I tell her "Just a few seconds, Irene, I want to make sure you're doing this as best as your slutty butt can for your husband!"

I press a little harder. Quickly I feel Irene pushing back against me, her ring growing wide, loosening up and turning to rubber as she pushes, tricking her body into thinking she's relieving herself, which makes it want to relax fully. It works, it always does, and my finger slips effortlessly into her butt. All the way into her butt, her asshole offering no resistance, not even squeezing against my finger. I let all of my finger slide into her bottom. And then I press very lightly downwards, my finger instantly feeling the thick hardness of his cock through the thin membrane of her butt and the fully taut, stretched, walls of her pussy.

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I use my free hand to get Irene moving her hips, guiding her for pace, not motion. She seems to have the idea of riding a cock down already. I make her do it very slowly, with long full strokes that have her rising up until only the head of his cock is left inside her lips, then all the way down until his cock is pressing firmly against her cervix, and her lips are against his pubes. I keep her leaning forward, having her move her entire body, not just her hips. It also gets her breasts dancing around in front of his eyes.

After a few strokes, I slip my finger from Irene's bottom. It never really needed to be there, I just wanted her to feel it there, to feel me in the last place she ever expected to feel anyone, to feel that I'm very carefully watching her as I teach her to pleasure her husband.

Tony lies there, moaning very desperately, as Irene builds him back towards orgasm. I watch them, one eye on Irene to ensure she's doing it correctly, and one eye on Tony to make sure he doesn't cum so soon.

It only takes a couple of minutes for me to see that Tony is ready to cum again, so again I nudge Irene up off of his cock and start her teasing him again. After Tony has made his pitifully agonized groan of frustration, Irene sweetly asks him "do you like my slutty little pussy, Sir?"

"God, Yes! You are so tight, and wet, and wonderful, sweetie!" His voice says he means that. It excites Irene, upping her tease a little more.

Again I intend to torture Tony with a ten-minute wait. Irene very happily, very eagerly, attends to tenderly teasing him the entire time. While she's doing that I send Olive a late-night text, telling her where I've gone so far and asking what Tony and Kristen's sex life is like.

Olive must be up, maybe amusing herself with another toy. She quickly sends a long text back. *OMG, I knew that little imp was peeking! Never thought she'd go that far. Him... a hard man truly has no conscience, does it? MEN! ☺ Kristen is lame, in my opinion. She's a total baby about her butt, and her mouth just won't stretch enough to take Tony's big cock! At most, she*

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can get about an inch and half of it before she's scraping it and killing it. Mostly they just get off on her being humiliated, forced to serve him/me humbly, while teasing him to make his cock stay hard. Then they usually just f—k. It's just such a bother to make Kristen do anything more. Really not worth my time, except for the humiliation part of it. There's like nothing Kristen can't be made to do, no matter how degrading it is for her if she thinks it's for him. How's the little imp doing? Do tell! Details, Pepper, Details!!!

I grin and let Sophie read it. Sophie grins, too. I text back: *Irene is just as shameless apparently. I've already taught her to suck like a whore, and she just finished learning cowgirl. Maybe I'll try the back door, too. She seems eager to do just anything, humiliation irrelevant, for pleasure.*

Earlier I had Irene spank and supervise Kristen, including making Kristen masturbate in front of everyone. That got Tony rather hard. And no one objected to Irene playing wife while I made Kristen watch it, either. Irene showed some real dominance over Kristen, but now she's submitting very eagerly to me. I'm wondering if I might have stumbled over a switch. You can have them. She's mine.

The Olive sends back: *Bitch! Keep the good one for yourself and leave me the plain toys! ☺* And I send back: *Finders, keepers. You should have tried her when you caught her snooping! Now, back to Tony's little torture, a good f—k until right before he cums, then more teasing!* And Olive sends back: *Details, bitch, details! ☺ ☺ ☺*

I get Irene's attention, having her straddle Tony's hips again and ride his cock. This time I have her do it a tiny bit slower. It makes it better, and more tormenting, for Tony. He moans so deeply, and so happily as Irene rides his cock.

Next, it's another full ten minutes of teasing. By now Irene must be so horny herself. It shows. She spends every minute of the teasing virtually devouring Tony's body, everything but the forbidden cock. Until finally I tell her she may suck his cock again.

She swallows it. I have to admit, this is a first for my eyes. Usually,

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on the second time, I have to guide the woman through a couple more strokes as her body remembers to accept the shaft into her throat. Not this time, Irene swallows it, never hesitating, even as I see her muscles ripple a little as she gags. All I have to do is steady her so she doesn't go too fast stroking it.

It doesn't take her long to accept my guidance. As soon as she hears Tony's moans grow deeper and more desperate as she slows, she very enthusiastically slows down to make him feel it that much better.

Nor does he last long. About 90 seconds before I have to make Irene stop so he doesn't cum yet. It gets the most anguished groan of frustration yet from him, his hips squirming hard as if searching for that mouth.

Irene returns to teasing him again. I see her pinching his nipple lightly, getting a little purr from him. Again I make Tony wait a full ten minutes. That's tease number four. The first with her mouth, then two with her pussy, and the fourth with her mouth.

For his fifth tease, I have Irene use her pussy again. Except for this time I have her lean over a little more, putting her chest flat with his. She's the perfect height for this. With his cock fully inside her pussy, her lips meet his, allowing her to steal a quick kiss. Which I have her do. Then, as she reaches the apex of her stroke, the very tip of his long cock is still in her lips when her breast finds his lips. And naturally, he latches onto her stiff nipple, licking it softly and making her purr, before it pulls from his mouth as she goes back down. It gets him moaning very urgently, moans that beg for relief.

He manages to last a whole half a minute at it before he cries out "You're killing me, sweetie, please Irene, please, sweetie, I take any more of this! Please let me cum. Please, Irene, please make me cum with that hot wet, so tight pussy of yours!" then he moans even more urgently. Irene grins wide as he begs her to finish him off. But she doesn't try to do it. She stops, rising off him, the instant I nudge her to. He's lasted about a single minute before he was ready to cum.

Chapter 2: Irene's Grown-Up Lesson

He almost screams his groan. I grin, knowing that I'm teasing him worse than he's used to. Irene grins too, knowing that he's dying for her body. Almost literally dying for it. She administers his ten minutes of teasing very patiently, and even more affectionately, which kills him even more.

I doubt I'll get any real-time out of him. I've pushed him to about his limit. He won't even last a minute. So I have but one way left to tease him again. I have Irene take a single stroke on his cock with her mouth, and that gets the most hungry moan yet from him. Then I have her straddle his hips and take a single stroke on his cock with her pussy, which gets just as pleading of a moan from Tony.

"Fuck me, Sweetie!" Tony cries out, "Please, Irene, please fuck me! Make me cum! Please, sweetie, please Irene, please fuck me!"

Ignoring him, I whisper very quietly to Irene. Suddenly very nervous, Irene nods as if she doesn't trust her voice to speak. Obediently she straightens up her chest. Then she brings one foot up until her foot is flat on the bed at his hips. Then the other, keeping her bottom on his stiffness the entire time. It leaves her squatting down over him, her knees fully bent, her bottom resting atop his cock. She grabs her ankles, then uses her legs to flex her knees, and carefully lifts her bottom up a few inches. About seven.

I take hold of his cock and put its tip to her drenched fur for a second. "This is going to be a special treat for you, Studly. Mistress is teaching me to be the very best wife!" Irene manages to get the honey into voice and cover up the nervousness she's feeling.

I move the tip of his cock, putting it against her tiny asshole, letting both of them feel how fat the shaft is and how very small the hole under its tip is. "I want you to have all of my body, Sir." Irene obediently tells him. She pushes as hard as she's ever pushed before. I can see the strain of pushing so hard on her face and in her neck. After a second I see her start to slowly lower her bottom. I take hold of her hips to steady her, to

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keep her moving smoothly. I don't need to. All I feel is the briefest of resistance as his cock pushes against her rubbery muscle. Then she's moving again, steadily.

"OH!" Irene squeaks out as his shaft pushes into her bottom. It's not exactly pained, more surprised. Irene shudders hard, then cries out "OH-MY-FUCKING-GOD! I feel it in my pussy! OH, SHIT! This is going to kill me!" But by then her voice is all excited honey.

She goes down until she can't go any further, burying all seven inches of thickness in her butt. She shivers. She starts moving back up, keeping the same slowness to her stroke. Only now I see a fleeting smile on her face. It vanishes as Irene's mouth falls wide open and she starts moaning deep, sultry moans of her own. Moans just as loud and urgently as Tony's. In two seconds I see a few drips fall from her pussy.

"Irene, don't you cum until he does. If I let him." I say. She doesn't answer me. She's too lost in it, too busy moaning.

I was right, Tony barely lasts half a minute before I see him thrusting his hips upward as he screams out a very sated cry. A half-second later, Irene is screaming her own guttural cry, her body shivering hard. As the first wave of climax sweeps over Irene, she loses herself, forgets her obedience, and her bottom starts slamming down hard, driving his cock up into her butt. It only makes her screams an even sweeter moan.

It takes them about a minute and a half to finish their orgasms. About three times as long as it took them to cum. As it's ending, I nudge Irene's bottom up. She very reluctantly rises up, letting his cock slip from her bottom. She almost falls beside him, cuddling up to his chest.

I give her one mercy. I have Sophie release his hands. He uses them to pull her lean body snugly against his. She rests her head on his chest. In a very breathy, very quiet, dreamy voice, Irene tells him "now you've really had all of me. I just hope it was a tenth as good for you as it was for me!" then she drifts away. Tony's gone too. I'm not even sure he

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heard her.

I take Sophie and slip out, turning the lights off behind us so they can bask in their afterglow.

Instead of text Olive with the details, I just send her the video clips Sophie made, attaching a single line: *Clearly Irene isn't such a baby or so inhibited, is my slut.*

I wake at 5:30, the same time I always do. It's a full half-hour before Kristen is allowed out of bed, so I don't bother to check on her. Instead, I send Sophie to find Kristen some "teenager-y" clothing from the bedroom. Once Sophie has a pile, I have her slip in and leave them on the dresser for Kristen.

Then I very carefully wake Irene, taking care not to wake Tony as I do. "You know how men really want to wake up?" I whisper into Irene's ear, "with their cock down a woman's throat. Wake him with a blow job."

She nods so as not to wake him. She moves slowly, gingerly, not waking him as she straddles his head. And starts taking his cock into her mouth. She gets about an inch of it into her mouth before Tony wakes, moaning sweetly. His eyes eventually open, and he stares at the very hot pussy in front of them.

Irene keeps sucking his cock, slowly, just as I taught her to do last night. And she manages to take all of it. Tony lies there, his purrs quickly growing deep and needy.

It takes him around five or six minutes to cum this time. Five or six minutes he spends in pure heaven as Irene swallows his cock. I don't stop him. He cums with his cock fully down her throat, letting her feel it's sharp twitches but not letting her taste that first spurt. That all goes straight to her stomach. The second one gets in her mouth, but its taste doesn't faze her at all. She just keeps going until his cock is drained and I tell her to stop. As I tell her to do, she slowly raises her head up, her tongue pressed firmly against the underside of his shaft, milking those last

dregs from it.

"God, I am so lucky." Irene purrs as she lets the cock slip from her mouth, "I just can't get enough of the taste of that cum!"

Irene gets him up, then "suggests" that they share a shower. She adds that she really wants to be allowed to wash him. What man would refuse that?

They're in the shower, Irene very tenderly washing him before he finally asks her, "uh... last night... at the end... your... backside... that didn't hurt you?"

Irene giggles. It's loud and so girly. "God NO!" She tells him, "didn't you notice I was cumming right along with you, Studly?"

"I just... I can't imagine... I've never even done that before... everyone says it hurts... I can't...."

She giggles again. "Mistress Rodgers taught me how to do it. Yeah, you are huge! And yeah, you really stuff that tight hole! But it was a good stuffing. I promise it didn't hurt me at all. It felt a little weird, like going from empty to full in zero seconds, and like it didn't belong there, but I promise you, I loved it! I'd so gladly do it again for you, right this instant! As long as you don't mind me dripping more cum all over you, that is!"

He accepts that. I figure the girliness of her answer gave it the ring of truth. Plus the fact she didn't seem to mind the idea at all. He takes his turn washing her, and she stands there and lets him. "Oh, my boobies are very dirty, you'd better give them extra attention..." she teasingly asks him. She purrs as he washes those, taking a minute or better on each. She does the same, having him spend more time washing her bottom and bush as well. He doesn't seem to mind any of the extra effort.

She hurries to her room, strutting shamelessly through the house naked for her clothes. Kristen is already up, and sitting on the sofa, looking so humiliated. Irene chooses a very skimpy outfit for today:

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Daisy Dukes denim shorts with a very tight stretchy top, and so clearly no bra. Thin tight tops do not hide stiff nipples.

Irene goes right to the kitchen, and following my instructions, starts making a nice breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, turkey bacon, and fruit. When it's ready she calls Kristen to the table and sets a plate in front of her. Then she brings Tony a plate, and as she sets it in front of him, she leans over just right to flash her breasts at him. She gets her plate and eats beside her "husband," fawning over him the entire time. She doesn't let him get anything, always getting it for him. After breakfast, she serves him his morning coffee on her knees. It leaves him smiling. And Kristen crying silently.

I invited Olive. She arrives a few minutes before eight. At eight, she's standing beside Tony, a very stern look on her face. Both Irene and Kristen are kneeling before him. She asks him to choose "the most pleasing wife for the day, based on Kristen's performance over the last month, and Irene's last night."

Tony takes a deep breath. Very reluctantly, very embarrassed, he says "Irene..."

Kristen bursts into tears.

Irene smiles.

Tony looks torn.

"Fine." Olive pronounces, "Irene you are his wife until 8:00 tomorrow morning. Kristen, enjoy being a child for a day! Get to it."

Everyone answers "yes, Mistress," in unison. Then Irene reaches over and hugs Kristen tightly, reassuring her that it'll all be OK. Just what a good mother would do with a crying child.



Chapter 3: Kristen's Slutty Lesson

Chapter 3: Kristen's Slutty Lesson

My supervised study session starts at 3:30 in the afternoon. It's late enough for both of the students, and Sophie, to be done with their classes for the day. But it's also not late enough for Kristen to be off work. Since I don't allow my students to bring themselves to study time, Kristen has a standing arrangement to get off so she can bring Irene.

Except that today, Kristen can't bring Irene. Kristen is coming for her study lesson as well, and students can't bring themselves or other students. So Tony has to take a couple of hours off and bring them both. The trio arrives at 3:15, a few minutes early, but I allow that for study time. Not for sessions. I thank Tony for bringing "his girls" and tell him to keep his phone on. Study time lasts until all of the students are done with all of their work. When Kristen and Irene are ready to be picked up, my slave will call him to fetch them. He doesn't look unhappy about leaving them here.

Unfortunately for Kristen, Bishop State College has a big algebra test tomorrow. It means that there will be one extra student attending today: Emily. She's the daughter of a toy of mine, although she's far too inhibited and modest to be ready to play herself. She's also Sophie's friend. Even before her mom was my toy, I allowed Emily to study with Sophie, as long as Emily agreed to the rules of study time. Now I allow her to join whatever study sessions she wants to with the same rule. She's joined this one, which she calls the slutty study session, a few times before. I think, if algebra wasn't about her hardest subject, she might skip this session. To me, it only means I'll have four students today.

As soon as Tony is gone, Sophie looks to me and I point to Kristen. Sophie nods then goes to Kristen and tells her "come along." I watch as Sophie leads Kristen the few short steps to the empty little place where even the wall is blank. I'm pretty sure I see a fleeting grin flash over Irene's face as she sees Kristen led up there. Sophie turns to face Kristen and tells her "strip. Give me everything." and holds her hand out.

Kristen had to know it was coming. She knows that I make these

girls study naked. It saves me the trouble of constantly pulling panties down to spank their naughty butts! Yet she still looks a little surprised and fairly humiliated, as she starts taking her clothes off and handing them over to Sophie.

Kristen takes her shoes off first and holds them out to Sophie. Sophie refuses to take them. Instead, she harshly scolds Kristen "slob! Tuck those laces in and make them neat." Kristen does, and Sophie takes them, putting them in the paper bag she's brought. Then Kristen pulls off her socks and holds those out. Again Sophie scolds her and tells her to turn them right-side-out, straighten them, and fold the tops over them. To make her things neat. Once Kristen has them looking fresh from the dresser, Sophie puts them in the bag. Then Kristen hands over the little jewelry she's worn, all of which Sophie puts into a zip-lock baggie before tossing into the paper bag. With nothing more left to stall with, Kristen takes her blouse off and holds it out for Sophie. Again she makes Sophie scold her for being a "stupid pig" and tells her to fold her shirt neatly. Kristen folds it, and Sophie adds it to the bag. Then it's Kristen's jeans. At least this time she thinks to fold them before handing them over, and with them neat, Sophie takes them.

It leaves Kristen in a fairly modest, but decently attractive bra and panties set. It's yellow with full cups on the bra, but they are lacy. It's likely the sexiest Kristen could do. Bras in sizes big enough to fit her ample chest necessarily have a lot of fabric on them. The panties are mostly yellow lace, with only silky triangles to cover her more private areas, low cut with wide straps at her hips. Beside me, I can see the smirk on Irene's face. She whispers to me "I told Pops that Kristen would be getting naked and suggested that he pick her undies for today. He must have, I think those are his favorite."

Kristen takes the bra off, baring her breasts, and tries to hand that over. Sophie once again has to scold her to fold it up neatly, and this time has to tell her how to fold a bra up. Finally, she takes it, adding it to the bag. Then Kristen takes her panties off and folds them. Those go in the

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bag, too. Sophie takes the bag in one hand and takes Kristen by the other hand. She takes them both into the playroom, where Kristen's clothes get locked in an empty drawer of a file cabinet, and Kristen gets seated at her desk. And then Sophie is back for Irene as I'm answering the door to Emily.

For study sessions, I have a little classroom set up in the playroom. It's in one corner. There are four desks, arranged in two rows of two. Desks that could have come straight out of any high school in Mobile, which is probably exactly where the frat boys who got them for me "found" them. In front of them, there's a small teacher's desk for me. It has a comfy chair for me, and beside it a plain stool for a student. The stool also serves as my spanking seat. Atop my desk, there's a laptop and a paddle.

When I step into the playroom at 3:30 exactly, carrying a stack of school books I've gotten from my students' school bags, I'm greeted by the sight of four naked students seated at their desks. All four sit up straight with their hands folded atop their desks, and their legs crossed. All four are silent, like good students. Even Kristen is following the rules. Since I don't know how much, if any, Irene has prepared Kristen for her session, I had Sophie tell Kristen what to do, and not to do, while waiting.

I have Kristen and Alysyn seated in the front row. Emily and Irene are the back row. There's really no reason for it, except that I wanted Kristen in the front row, where she can't tell herself that girl in front is blocking my view of her nakedness, and I wanted her next to an unfamiliar girl, not Irene. I want Kristen to feel like she's in high school again.

I, unlike my students, am wearing a very nice, high-end designer business skirt-suit. With a decently modest skirt. "Good afternoon, students, welcome to study hall." I greet them in a cheery voice as I take my seat behind the desk. I take a second to get comfy. "I'm sure you've noticed we have a new student today, this is Kristen. Now, let's get to

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work. Alysyn, come on up."

"Yes, Ma'am," Alysyn says. Then she stands up beside her desk and walks the two steps to mine. She stands in front of my desk with her hands behind her back and waits patiently to be told what to do.

"Alysyn, you will begin with Algebra today," I say as I pull her algebra textbook and notebook out of the stack I have. I add a worksheet to the pile. "Return to your desk and do the pre-lesson worksheet now." I hand her the books.

Alysyn takes them, says "Yes, Ma'am," and returns to her desk. As soon as her bottom in the seat, she's opening her books and getting busy.

I call Irene up and start her working on her chemistry.

I call Kristen up. By now she's had two students to observe and see what Sophie's already told her. What's expected of her. Kristen isn't stupid and apparently doesn't want to start her class with a paddling. She follows Alysyn and Irene's example. "Kristen, you will begin with slutty literature, today." I hand her books to her and send her back to her seat to get started.

Even as I'm calling Emily up to get her lesson, I watch Kristen out of the corner of an eye. I've prepared a very special lesson for her. More of a special class really. As Emily steps up to my desk, I see the look of horror sweep over Kristen's face as she opens her book. I know then she's starting to see what her lesson is going to be like. I give Emily her stuff and send her to work.

Kristen shirks back into her seat. Her face even scrunches up. It's so adorable! I watch as she very reluctantly picks up her pen and starts working on the lesson.

It took Sophie a little time to scan through all the emails I have from my toys, the ones that tell me about their sessions, about how they felt after them. They inevitably come. The toys always want to both whine about them and beg for another session. I had her pick out several emails

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and turn them into erotic stories. It is a literature class! I had Sophie pick stories that all centered on a wife's public humiliation or a much younger and prettier woman servicing her husband, which has got to be very humiliating for a wife! Stories similar to what I did to Kristen Friday night, and Olive continued Saturday.

I've heard all about Saturday, too. Even though I left soon after Tony's selection was made, Olive stayed. She's told me how Irene was a very good wife. She was extremely affectionate to Tony. And just as loving of a "mother" to Kristen. Irene worked very hard at it. And she made Kristen stay in her place as hers and Tony's daughter, not Tony's wife.

Tony was very happy with Irene for a wife, too. His only complaint was that I was too cruel to him Friday night. I allowed him to have anal sex with Irene. Anal has always been a fantasy for him, and one that none of his girlfriends was even willing to talk about trying. Then I had Irene give it to him, and it came as a total surprise to him. He didn't know it until he felt the tip of his cock against her very tight asshole. But I waited to allow it until he had been so-fully teased that he couldn't last even half a minute. Thus he barely got to feel it. It was more of a tease than a dream come true to him!

Olive also told me that Tony asked Irene about it a couple of more times that day. As if he still doesn't fully believe her that it didn't hurt her, despite her firm assurances that it didn't. And despite the fact that is so obviously made her cum hard; and made her drip her cum on his pubes. But Kristen heard it. Now Kristen knows that not only is Irene willing to give him something he lusts after, something Kristen won't even think about giving him, but Irene actually loves doing it for him. I'm sure that's a rather humiliating thought for Kristen to be living with. Just as I'm sure by now Kristen has learned everything about Tony and Irene's two nights together and is living with knowing that Irene was a far sluttier and more pleasing partner for him than she's ever been.

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Kristen's lesson for today is about that. There are two stories, each 2500 words long. Both describe, in very vivid detail, the very same act of anal sex. One is written from the woman's perspective, and the other from the man's. From the stories, it's clear that the man is married, and not to the woman. His wife is being punished by their Mistress for not being an attentive wife. Her punishment is to watch him fulfill his fantasy with another woman.

The lesson requires Kristen to not just read the stories, but also to dissect them. To pick out every little detail in them, then to explain the significance of it. And she has to make very detailed notes as she takes those stories apart. I intend for it to make Kristen constantly think about Irene doing it for Tony. I'm not sure how much of it Tony or Irene has told Kristen, but I'll know before this class is over. I'll know if Kristen knows how it was done, or if she's imagining it happening some other way. Some way less slutty than reality was. Because the woman doing it all is about as slutty as it gets. Then again, for a wife, slutty is a very good thing to be when it's reserved for her husband. It tends to keep those husbands happy.

It takes Kristen around 45 minutes to finish reading and taking those stories apart in her notes. When she finally does, she raises her left hand and waits in her seat, as the rules require her to. I summon her up to my desk and point her to the little stool. She takes the seat, sitting up properly with her legs crossed and her hands folded demurely in her lap, after handing me her books.

I put the stories aside. I know what they say. I wrote the woman's story. The man's story was written by a toy of my friend Andrea, a man who'd done exactly what he'd written about. I never asked what reward Andrea allowed him for writing the story for me, but he wrote a very good story. I open Kristen's notebook and start going over her notes.

The lessons I left with Irene for Kristen's study time were from my basic study skills lessons. Like all of the lessons I make up, they're erotic,

Chapter 3: Kristen's Slutty Lesson

but they focus more on studying the material than on arousing the student. Even though they do quite well at both. I'd hoped that they'd teach Kristen how to study literature before this class. How to take each paragraph apart for the important stuff. They did a pretty decent job of it. I suspect most of that is due to Irene's very attentive supervision of Kristen's study hour. I doubt Irene would have let Kristen get away with anything.

Kristen's notes are good enough. Not perfect, but it is her first class. I ask her several questions about the stories she read, and she's able to answer all of them. They're straight forward questions, such as "was it unpleasant for the woman?" and "what was the most powerful sensation the woman felt?" and "what made it more pleasant than vanilla sex for the man?"

Once I'm satisfied that Kristen has read and understood the stories, I return her notebook to her. I keep the stories. Instead of them, I tell Kristen her assignment for this lesson is to write a 2500 word story of her own. She's to describe the very same act, only from the perspective of the wife who was punished by being made to watch it very closely. I tell her that she may use her notes, but that and her mind are it. I send her back to her desk, Kristen looking extremely unhappy.

Kristen retakes her desk and picks up her pen. She starts writing. It's not a minute later that her pen stops moving. She sits still. I see those little tears welling up in the corners of her eyes. "Kristen!" I snap very sternly. "You know better than to goof off in study hall. Get your naughty little bottom up here, now!"

The other three girls try very hard to look like they're working, while really watching the new student. All of those three know that I am very strict about goofing off. It's one of the biggest no-nos around here. None of them would dare be caught, and with both Sophie and I watching like hawks, they would certainly be caught in short seconds.

Kristen comes up to the desk. As she stands there, I can see the

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look of embarrassment on her face, but it's mostly a look of nervousness. It's the same look I saw on her face Friday night as she was wondering if she'd end up punished for having a phone at Irene's study time.

"The punishment for goofing off in study hall is a paddling," I tell her. "You look like you're old enough to remember when schools paddled students, back in the days when there still real discipline in our schools, back before we had all the problems caused by naughty students with nothing to fear anymore. Welcome back in time." I smirk.

From behind the desk I raise up a paddle. It's a genuine one I found being auctioned on eBay. It even says "Property of the Dixie County School Board" on it. Dixie County, I've learned, is the "giant metropolis" of Cross City, Florida, population about 5,000, and about as redneck as it gets. It's 20" long, 6" wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. It's solid hardwood and made in a shop class in a high school. It has holes drilled in it, wide ones, to lighten it up and increase its speed. And it's polished to a shine.

Kristen must remember it. If she never got it herself, she's definitely old enough to have heard first-hand stories of it from classmates a year or three ahead of her. She starts trembling as I hoist it up.

I have Kristen take a step back and bend over, resting her forearms on my desk. Palms up, so she doesn't grip anything and mess up anything on my desk. It pokes her bottom out towards the other three girls, who are still busy trying hard not to be caught watching her instead of studying. "You will keep that bottom still for your paddling. You will not move it at all. You will not move those hands either. You will politely count your five strokes."

I lie the wide blade of the paddle against Kristen's soft cheeks, letting her get a little feel of it. Then I draw it back, gripping its handle with both hands, as I wind up. I swing it, twisting my hips a little and putting as much power into the stroke as my tiny body can manage. The paddle lands with an ear-splitting loud crack on her bottom.

Kristen immediately screeches out a loud yelp. "EE-EE-OW! OH,

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OW! OW!" She starts sobbing lightly as she counts "One, Ms. Rodgers."

I give her four more. She screams a more pained cry with each. The third leaves her in tears. The last has her crying pretty heartily. And it leaves her with a bright red, very angry, bottom that has to be stinging her badly enough to make her wish she'd merely sat on a hive of bees. I send her back to her seat, reminding her not to goof off again. Subsequent infractions add two more strokes to the base penalty. She squeals another cry as she sits on her fiery bottom. And then she gets to work.

It's an hour before Kristen has her story ready. When she does I call her up to the front. I take her desk and have Kristen face us all and read her story aloud. After the first paragraph, I know Kristen is getting a bad grade. Her modesty crept out again, and her story is more bland than vivid. Nothing like the stories she was given to read.

When she finishes it, I give her a D. In my version of study hall, bad grades carry punishments. Anything less than an A is considered a bad grade here. A B merits one swat with the regular paddle. A C merits two. A D is worthy of four. Had she gotten an F, that would have earned her eight swats. I find it encourages my students to do their very best on every assignment. They tend to work like their butts depend on their excelling. Which they literally do. As Kristen hears her grade, she starts crying and shirking in on herself, knowing that she's about to suffer.

I don't waste any time. I just grab Kristen by her arm as I pass by her and almost drag her along with me to the stool. I sit on it. I push Kristen down to her knees beside me, then I have to pull hard to get her lying across my knees. I sit using the desk for a backrest, which has Kristen facing the other students and her butt towards the wall. Sophie so eagerly hands me the paddle off my desk.

This is the regular paddle. It's the same as the paddle I sent home with Kristen when she became Irene's study supervisor. The same paddle that Irene used Friday night to spank Kristen. It's shorter, only 16" long, narrower at 4" and even thinner at ¼" thick. But it's made of a hard

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rubber, coated with a very thin layer of latex, and with a very thin layer of spring steel in the center of the rubber to keep it extra stiff.

I start with the blade against Kristen's still-very-red bottom. I raise my paddle up with one hand and swing it down hard. It lands with a crack just as loud, but rubber tends to be noisier than wood. Kristen screams "OW!" and immediately bursts back into a bawling cry. She lets her head drop, which isn't allowed, so I grab her hair and jerk her head back up so the audience can see her face. Plus I scold her that for "misbehaving for her spanking, we'll start over."

I raise the paddle and swat her bottom again. She screams out again. This time she remembers to keep her head up as she cries. "One." I count for her, just to remind her that she's already earned herself an extra swat. I swat her bottom again, and she screams again. With each swat, I can feel her body tensing up hard, and taking a long moment to relax afterward. It's a sign that I'm hurting her. Not injuring her, just hurting her. I swat her again. Then I swat her again. The five strokes leave her bottom just a little more angry of a shade of red.

I put her on her knees, and this time she goes eagerly. I tell her to get to her feet. Then as she stands there, I drop her story in the trash can. "Kristen, I don't care if you're humiliated. I don't care if you're embarrassed. I care that you do your schoolwork like a good girl. That story was crap, and you know it. There were zero honest emotions in it. It read like you wrote it just to get the assignment done. That's not allowed. It gets you bad grades. You will do it over. This time you write it not to get it over with, but to please your teacher. You will forget your stupid modesty. You will put yourself, your real emotions into that story for everyone to read. If it's humiliating, who cares? I certainly won't be the least bit ashamed! Go do it right. Unless your bottom isn't sore enough yet, that is."

Kristen hurries back to her desk, and really squeals as she sits. She grabs her pen and hurries to get busy redoing her assignment.

Chapter 3: Kristen's Slutty Lesson

Normally I make all of the students stay until everyone is done with all of their work. But Kristen is going to be an exception. Mostly because I don't want Alysyn and Emily to be stuck here half the night. Those two are doing very well in school now, and they don't need that much study. Plus it seems kind of unfair to them since Kristen isn't even a real student. She's merely Olive's toy. I'm only borrowing her to supervise Irene's study time and teaching her a lesson in studying from the perspective of the student. Sure, it's a hard lesson, but those are the ones that stick with a sub the best.

So I send text messages to the parents to come to get their students.

It's fifteen minutes before the first parent arrives, Alysyn's mom. But Tony and Emily's moms are no more than two minutes behind them. I have Sophie on door duty while I continue supervising the studies. The students don't even know that I've summoned their parents. They know they have finished their work, but they don't know the others have. They never do. I'd never tell them anything so distracting as that class is almost over! That's when everyone goofs off! Trust me, I know. I goof off with them in my classes!

I've also left Sophie with specific instructions. I don't worry about Sophie, she's far too good, far too devoted of a slave-girl to do anything but her very best at following instructions I gave her. As I requested, she has all of the parents wait on the sofa, but that's also the usual routine. I have them wait until everyone is there. Then she brings Tony back first. Not unusual, I normally dismiss students in order of their grades today. Best students get to leave first.

As he's led in, I see his eyes immediately turn to the students seated at their desks. Four fully naked females studying. None of whom dare to look up from their work, knowing that would constitute goofing off, a sin unthinkable and equally unriskable around here. As Kristen just learned the hard way.

Alysyn is closest to the door. She's very pretty, too. And petite,

like Irene, except maybe an inch shorter and five or ten pounds lighter. She has a somewhat more rounded face than Irene, but the same long black hair. Brown eyes. A definite "Mary Ann, or girl-next-door, look to her. Except for her nicely ample breasts, which aren't quite as pert as Irene's. And her shaven pubes. All of which Tony can see. Alysyn is barely 18.

Emily isn't the prettiest girl. But she's definitely cute. She has long honey-blond straight hair and a rounded face with soft features. She has breasts like Kristen's, big and soft as they hang back against her chest. And she's slightly thick but still curvy. What extra weight she carries is mostly on her hips, making them a size wider than proportional, and the very tops of her thighs. And she has a full, neatly trimmed, very blond bush. Emily is 19.

Tony's eyes can't decide which of the naked girls to settle on, so they dart back and forth as they take in all four of them, but mostly the three young ones. He keeps his eyes on them as long as he can as Sophie brings him up to my desk.

"Irene is ready to leave now," I tell him with a grin. "I dismiss my students by grades. The highest-scoring girl gets to go home first. Since you've never picked her up before, here's what happens. First Irene will come up here and tell you what she's learned today." I call Irene to bring her books up to me. She hands them over, then waits.

"Tell your father what you've learned today."

"Yes, Ma'am." Irene quickly answers, then she turns to her father, faces him, and stands with her hands behind her. She doesn't show any shyness or modesty at standing there fully naked. She just spends around five minutes talking him through every lesson she did today and telling him how she got an A on everything I had her do.

I give Sophie the key to the file cabinet, and she goes to fetch Irene's bag. Sophie brings me the key, leaving the other three drawers locked, and hands the bag to Tony.

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"That is Irene's clothes." I tell him, "she's dismissed. You may take her by the hand and walk her back to the living room. My slave will show you where to take her. Then you may give her clothes back to her one piece at a time. Wait until she has that on before offering her the next piece. Once she's dressed, you could leave, except you have to wait on Kristen. You may take seats on the sofas with the other parents."

Tony nods. Irene eagerly offers him her hand, and he takes it. With another long look at the naked girls, he walks Irene out to the living room. I send Sophie to fetch Alysyn's mother. Then Emily's mother. Yeah, it makes Kristen last. Then again, she's the only one to get spanked for bad grades, so it should have been obvious to her that she was at the bottom of the grading curve today.

Since Irene is Kristen's study supervisor, and Irene is out in the living room fully dressed and waiting, I have Sophie bring her along with Tony. Sophie brings them both to my desk, and I tell Tony that he's to just stand there and wait. Irene is Kristen's supervisor, so Irene will get the report.

I call Kristen up even though her redone story isn't close to being finished yet. Irene, already knowing how this done, tells Kristen to "look at me" and "tell me what you learned today."

Kristen tells Irene about her assignments. She blushes as she describes the stories, but she doesn't dare to skip over anything. Irene asks if Kristen behaved today as if Irene wasn't here like the rest of the mothers weren't, and Kristen very demurely admits she wasn't. Irene makes Kristen tell her what she was punished for, and what her punishment was. Then Irene has Kristen show her very sore and very red bottom. That gets Tony's interest up.

"Clearly I can't dismiss Kristen," I say as if it was obvious all along. "She hasn't finished her assignment for today. She should have, but she decided to try and cheat instead of being a good student, so she has to redo it."

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Sophie brings Irene the bag of Kristen's clothes, which Irene takes with a puzzled look on her face. She doesn't ask. She just waits for me to tell her what she's to do now.

"Irene has Kristen been a very diligent student for her study hours, or has she been acting like it's some kind of a joke to her. As if... it's more play than real study?"

"No, Ma'am, Kristen hasn't been a very diligent student," Irene answers honestly. I see Kristen cringe hard as her hope that Irene might cover for her vanishes.

"I thought as much. It shows here. Clearly, Kristen will need to learn to apply herself to everything she does, or she'll never please her husband, let alone her Mistress. I'll teach her." I grin slyly. I'd planned this all along. "Kristen will remain here and finish her assignment. After which... I'll remind her to be a diligent student.

"I believe Kristen is expected at work at 8:00 am, so Irene you may retrieve her at 7:30. Bring clean work clothes for her, she won't have time to go home and get them. You may take her clothes with you, she won't be needing anything in my dungeon.

"Oh, and I almost forgot! Tony, I know you're a good husband and father, so I don't want you to suffer from neglect just because your crappy wife can't manage to behave her fat butt for 90 little minutes." I reach into Kristen's bag and find the zip-lock. I come out with Kristen's wedding rings. I hand them to Kristen and tell her "*You* will put these on Irene's finger and ask her very nicely to fill in for you as Tony's wife tonight. If you value your butt, you'll ask very humbly and politely. It's bad enough that you've been so bad you have to stay for detention!"

Kristen cries hard, but silently, as she reaches an unsteady handout and takes Irene's hand. She fumbles for a second as she puts her rings on her daughter's finger. "Miss Connors, I'm so sorry I've been bad. I really hate to have to ask you, but there's no one else. Will you please fill in for me as Tony's wife tonight. Please, Miss Connors, I don't want such a good

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man to have to suffer just because I'm a naughty brat. Please, Miss Connors, please fill in as my husband's wife."

"Don't worry Kristen..." Irene says with a very impish grin on her face, "I will take such good care of your man for you." Irene immediately slides very close to him and puts her arm around his waist to hold him affectionately.

Tony glows. He looks like he couldn't be happier. I'm sure he's wondering just what Irene might do for him, to make him "so happy" tonight. I'm sure Kristen is wondering the same thing. Or maybe wondering how many more of Tony's unfulfilled fantasies will become memories tonight.

Irene sweetly steers Tony out of the classroom. Sophie goes to see them to the door. I send Kristen back to her desk to get busy with her studies. I don't expect Sophie to return. I've told her to give Irene some directions for tonight, just vague ones, and then once they're gone to see to supper.

I stand right over Kristen, watching everything she does as she works on her assignment. It takes her another hour to finish it. With no audience, I have her read it to me. This time I pass her, and take the story and put it on my desk.

It's supper time. I take Kristen to the dining room with me, then I stand her in a corner. Only I have her stand facing the table so she can see the gourmet meal Sophie has made for me, and watch us eat. I don't offer her anything. I just leave her standing there naked, watching us eat. Then watching us as I slowly sip my dessert coffee.

After supper is over I take Kristen back to the playroom/classroom.

I stop Kristen immediately and leave her standing there, facing me. "Kristen, in case you are dumber than a rock, I'll tell you: your Mistress and I are very good friends. I know that she's taught you the very same commands I teach my toys. And I know you've been trained to behave that naughty butt for her. You will obey me as if I am her."

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As she's promising me she will, I quickly dial Olive on my phone. "Hey girl!" I greet Olive. I've already told her what I had in mind. It would just be such an etiquette violation to abuse her toy without her permission! So she was expecting this call. It's a video call, so Olive can see me. I turn the screen so Olive can see the naked Kristen standing there, and Kristen can see Olive's face. Olive immediately says "Oh, Kristen, you stupid naughty little bitch! I told you to behave that flabby ass of yours for Miss Rodgers since she was so kind as to do me a favor and accept your daughter as her student. And now that your little girl is passing her classes, thank you to Miss Rodgers, here you go off an act like a total cunt! You will behave while she teaches you to mind her. You and I will discuss your disobedience to my instructions later, bitch."

"Yes, Mistress!" Kristen blurts out in a desperate squeal, almost begging Olive for mercy. Olive disappears without a goodbye to Kristen.

I planned this session for Kristen, and Olive knows exactly what I have in mind. It made Olive cringe a little as she laughed at it. So I have the other side of my playroom ready for Kristen.

I grab hold of her by a spongy breast and use that as a leash to drag her along to the frame I have waiting for its victim. It's custom-built for me by my favorite frat boys. The best I can describe it as two sawhorses, only made of metal tubing instead of wood, with another tube across each end of it. The long beams are exactly 18" apart, leaving just enough room for a body between them.

I put Kristen at the end of it, pushing her forward until the cross tube is snug against her hips. I kneel and pull Kristen's feet apart, stretching them wide to the outside legs of those "sawhorses." I get a long rope and start by wrapping it around Kristen's ankle three loops before tying it off. Then I start winding it around Kristen's ankle as well as the frame's leg. It takes me a few minutes, but I wind it around Kristen's leg almost all the way up, stopping about two inches before the crease of her thigh. And I get its coils tight, one snug against the other. When I tie that

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off it has her leg firmly bound to the frame, all the way up. I do the same with her other leg, leaving her no movement in them.

I push Kristen down, leaning her over the bar at her hips, until her back is flat, her upper body even between those rails. I feel a little tension in her body, a little resistance, as I push her down. I take her arms and pull them down, outside the rails, then pull them together. I use a shorter rope to make three loops over one wrist, tie that off, make three more around the other and tie it off, and then make five more snug loops, like figure eights, around both arms just above the coils at her wrists. I tie those coils off between her arms, around the point where the loops of the figure-eights cross, then pull the rope down. I stretch her arms taut before tying the rope off.

I'm not done yet. I get a medium-length rope and tie it off to one of the rails just above Kristen's shoulders. I draw it under her shoulders, then start looping it around her chest. Its first coil is as high up as I can get it under her armpits. More snug coils loop around her until they reach the top of her freely hanging breasts. I tie that rope off to the other rail. And get another, longer rope. I tie it off to the rail a few inches down and start winding it tightly around Kristen's chest with its first coil snugly against the underside of those dangling soft mounds. I wind more coils, each firmly against the previous until I'm all the way down to her waist. Then I tie it off.

It leaves more rope than Kristen visible. It leaves her firmly bound in place, unable to move much of anything. And it leaves her breasts, her pussy, and her bottom fully bared with unhindered access. I'm confident she's realized that. She's trembling as she wonders what torment, certainly an agonizing one, she's going to have to endure. She's trembling enough that while her chest is bound firmly to the rails, her breasts, as large as they are soft, are jiggling around as they dangle in the empty space. From behind, I can see two things. One, that she's also trembling enough that her spongy cheeks have a very slight jiggle to them. And two, that her pussy is sopping wet. I guess she's enjoyed her study time.

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I ignore Kristen for a minute while I finish setting up for her lesson. I get a thin rope. It's actually a piece of rope-like fishing line with a 300-pound breaking point. At one end there's a fairly wide metal eyelet. I grab hold of Kristen's long hair, taking her thin locks and quickly twisting them together. I pull them through that eyelet and tie them in a knot. Then I tie a second knot and pull them tight.

I know Kristen is going to just hate this! I get a J-hook. It's a simple, huge, finger-thick stainless steel J. At the long end there's an eyelet. At the shorter end, there's an inch diameter steel ball. I smear a thin film of lubricating jelly on the tip of the ball. Then I use the fingers of one hand to push Kristen's spongy cheeks wide apart and fully expose her asshole. Hers is slightly larger than Irene's tiny one. It's also a deeper hue of purple with a definite brownish tint to it. But it's not that big. And it's clearly underused. It looks tensed, pulling the wrinkles that flow into the tiny funnel of its opening together. I put the greased ball snugly against her ring and see it tense even tighter.

Kristen screeches a very desperate squeal. For the first time, she tests those ropes I have binding her so snugly. She doesn't move a bit, just gets her hanging breasts jiggling a little more. She squeals again, even more desperately. Then she begs. "Please, Miss Rodgers, I'll behave, I'll do anything you want me to, I don't care! Please, Ma'am, please don't put it there! Please, I'm begging you, Miss Rodgers, please, ANYTHING! I'll do anything. Put it ANYWHERE BUT THERE! PLEASE---"

Kristen's begging is cut off by her screeching, squealing scream as I press the ball. It's rounded end easily and quickly stretches her tense ring wide and slips through it, leaving only the finger-thick shaft sticking out through her clenching muscle. After a long scream, she pants for a second, then starts crying as she begs "get it out, get it out, get it out, please, Ma'am, I'll be good, I'll do anything, just please get it out of me!"

I swat her very sore, still light-red bottom with my hand. She yelps loudly. "Shut up, bitch." I grab hold of the thin cord attached tightly to

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her hair and lace its free end through the hook's eyelet. Then I slowly pull the cord. At first, it just pulls the slack through the eyelet. There are at least two feet of slack. But then it pulls her hair taut. I keep pulling on it. Kristen, feeling the hook start to move inside her, quickly lifts her head up to make more slack even as she squeals out another cry. I keep pulling it. Soon Kristen has her neck fully stretched. With no way to make any more slack, as I slowly pull the cord, it pulls against the hook. It pulls the hook forward, towards her uplifted head, which pulls the shorter end deeper into her bottom. Kristen screeches very desperate pleading cries as it slides deeper into her bottom. I pull it until it's tight. The point where there's no slack in the cord and where the curve of the J is pressing firmly against the outside of her asshole and the crack of her butt. The point where it's as deeply into her bottom as it can go, about four or five short inches. Then I tie the cord in place.

As I release my grip, Kristen realizes that she can't lower her head. She tries, but all it does it pull her hair hard on one end, and pull the hook hard against her bottom on the other end. She shrieks, then strains to keep her head up.

"Kristen, did Tony or Irene ever tell you how they spent Friday night?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Kristen shrieks out pleadingly.

"Did they tell you how slutty Irene was for her husband? Did they tell you how that trashy slut used her bottom for his pleasure?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" she shrieks and sobs at the same time.

"Did they tell you the details?"

"No, Ma'am! Please! I don't want to know, Ma'am."

Sophie comes in almost perfectly on cue. She's wheeling in a little cart with three TVs on it. I push it up, putting one of the TV in front of Kristen, and another on either side of her head. That way no matter how she turns her head, she's going to have to see the movie I made. All three

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TVs power up together, the image starts with Tony and Irene sitting on the edge of Kristen's bed, Irene holding his cock in her hand, and Tony grinning like a teenager with his first girlfriend. Sophie made it with my phone Friday night. It should entertain Kristen nicely, and leave absolutely nothing to her imagination.

Now I go behind Kristen. As Irene starts moving Tony into the center of the bed on the screen, I doubt Kristen even noticed me moving. Too bad for her. I still have some toys to use as I play with this toy.

Three of the toys I have for her are almost the same. They're basic spring-loaded nipple clamps that have small battery-powered motors attached to them, and feathers attached to the motor's shaft. I grab the odd one. It's the odd one because its clamp's jaws are straight up and down, parallel with the motor shaft. I squeeze its jaws open.

I thank God for my foresight to put on a pair of latex gloves before attempting this. As I part Kristen's so-plump lips, her honey flows over my fingers, leaving a very oily coating on them. I stretch them wide to fully bare her swollen clit. And it's just as swollen as it was the other time I saw it, right before she masturbated in front of everyone. I use my fingers to push her folds back gently, but fully. Then I put the wide-open jaws around Kristen's swollen nub and allow them to close. She lets out a gasping squeal as they clamp down snugly on that tender nerve. I make sure the very edge of the feather is the only other thing touching her clit. I release the motor and allow it to hang freely from her clit, then switch it on.

Kristen moans out a very squealy, very urgent, long and sensual cry. She starts squirming hard, constantly testing the ropes, and not moving a bit. My rope work is tight enough to hold her securely in place.

I put the other two clamps on her nipples. Turning each one on makes Kristen screech another needy cry, but after that, she returns to her steady, deep, sultry moaning. Which grows deeper and more urgent by the second.

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Now it's time for the final teasing toy. This one is a bit more intricate, and it's homemade. Actually, it's an adaptation of a couple of toys. It has two narrow spreader blades attached to a fairly wide ring. I slip those blades into her pussy, then slowly turn the thumbscrew, opening the blades up. I stop once they have her pussy stretched wide open, the blades about an inch apart. The narrow blades leave a long stretch of her spongy thick walls bare. A little tie strip connects the ring to the shaft of the hook poking out of her butt, a shaft that isn't moving a bit. It'll hold the ring, and thus the blades, exactly where I leave them. And there's another little vibrating motor attached to the ring with two longer feathers attached to it. I turn it on. It turns, slowly spinning the feathers around. And that draws the edges of those feathers across those bare stretches of pussy wall. Very teasingly slowly, about 2 full revolutions per minute.

I step back and admire my handiwork. Kristen lies there on the frame, bound almost fully immobile. She has no choice but to strain and keep her head up, or suffer the pressure against her butt as the hook supports it. The plush softness of a feather's tip teases both nipples, her clit, and the walls of her pussy. Kristen struggles desperately against those bonds. I can see it in her exposed arms and feet. It does nothing. Her body stays put. She screeches desperately urgent moans, sounding more like a porn star than a wife. Her lips, her cheeks, her breasts, and even the tops of her thighs are covered with huge goosebumps. She trembles even as she squirms against the ropes.

And she can't take her eyes off the TV in front of them. On it, Irene is just getting busy, swallowing his cock for the time. Kristen watches, knowing how big Tony is, as the far-more-petite Irene manages to swallow every speck of that gigantic shaft. And Irene doesn't just make it look easy; she looks like she's incredibly eager to take it.

I giggle a little as I step up beside Kristen. I lightly stroke one of her cheeks as I say in my teasingly sweet voice, "don't worry, Kristen... before it's over you'll get to see how much better of a wife your daughter

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is! *She* can make her man very happy.” the video is long. About 80 minutes, which is how long Tony suffered Irene’s sweet teasing that night. The video shows every second of it. In full graphic detail.

Mostly as a joke, I allow Sophie to put a small bowl on a stand underneath Kristen’s pussy. She called it a “drip cup,” which she said would save her from having to scrub, disinfect and polish the floor later before it was worthy of my walking upon it. But now, a mere two minutes into this little torture, the first couple of drops of honey land in the bowl.

I continue stroking her cheek. Just let me know when you’re ready for the spanking you deserve for not being a diligent student for Miss Connors. I’ll check on you in a little while.”

Sophie follows me out. Kristen moans deeper and more urgently as Sophie shuts the door, leaving in the darkened playroom, the feathers teasing her and TV “entertaining” her.

I have the video set to play on an endless loop. Once it gets to the point where Irene and Tony cuddle up like lovers for the night, it resets to her tying him down. I wouldn’t Kristen to miss out on the entertainment while she suffers.

I wait the full 87 minutes, the length of the video before I return to the playroom and check on Kristen, although in the interim I’ve been peeking in on her over the camera she doesn’t know is recording her suffering.

When I enter Kristen’s moans have turned to more of a desperate screeching. Still sultry and hot, but with plenty of sweet agony laced through them. Maybe the vibrations will finally push her over the edge and she’ll cum, maybe not. Either way, her teasing will continue until I choose to end it.

She notices Sophie turning the lights on. She screeches out a very urgently begging “SPANK ME! Please, Miss Rodgers, spank me. Please

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spank me now and end this!" She keeps begging me to have mercy.

I just look at her bottom. Her pussy is as wet as it can possibly be. Beyond even sloppy wet. And there's a small, but nicely growing little puddle of honey in Sophie's drip cup. Proof that Kristen's pussy has been shamelessly dripping the entire 87 minutes she's been "hanging around" the playroom.

I just laugh. "No. I don't think you really mean it yet." I leave, and Sophie turns the lights off behind us.

I wait until the video is starting a third time to return.

As soon as I enter Kristen begs me desperately and shamelessly to spank her and end this torture. I glance at the drip cup and notice that little puddle has about tripled in size, even as the first of her honey has dried to a sticky goo in it. And I notice that Kristen's eyes are wet, tears rolling down her cheeks.

I ignore her until I'm back at the door, then I tell her I don't think she's really sorry yet. I slam the door. That's 11:00 at night, give or take a few minutes.

I return again, around 12:30, as the video is resetting yet again. I have to admit, Kristen looks very... tormented! She hangs there on the frame, still squirming hard even though her strength is fading fast. She screams very pleading moans, moans that are as sweetly-agonized as they are so-sensually-urgent. And those tears keep rolling down her cheeks.

She doesn't even wait for me to get into the room. As soon as I open the door, at the first crack of light entering the playroom, she starts begging shamelessly. She screams out that her pussy is on fire. Her nipples are shooting so many sparks into her it's like she's being electrocuted. And her clit aches like it's been hit with a hammer it's throbbing so hard. She begs me to spank her. To spank her until her bottom is gone. Anything, just end this. Spank her in front of the world, turn her over my knees on Dauphin Street (below my apartment, and one

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of the few streets in Mobile with any nightlife on it). Whatever. Just let her have that spanking now!

I check her. She's so aroused, hanging so close to the edge of an orgasm, that I can actually see her clit throbbing. And I can see the puddle in the drip cup deepening. She sweats, even though this room is cool, and what skin I can see is flushed a very bright pink. I laugh at her again and tell her I'll spank her when she truly sorry for being a bad girl for "her mommy Miss Connors." And I leave her there.

I usually sleep around four or five hours a night. As I head for bed, I set a tablet up on my nightstand, showing me the live image of Kristen suffering. I turn the volume way down, muting her desperate moans and cries. Then I have Sophie see to me as I drift off to a night of sweet sleep.

Over the course of the night, I wake briefly several times as I roll around. Each time, Kristen's muted moaning reminds me to open my eyes long enough to see that she's OK. I'm sure if she made enough noise, like a truly pained scream, it would wake me. I sleep lightly.

I wake a few minutes before five and take a quick shower before waking Sophie to see to breakfast. At 5:00, as the video is resetting yet again, I check on Kristen.

It's immediately apparent that the long teasing has taken its toll on her body. She's not even squirming or fighting her bonds anymore. She moans loudly and urgently, but her voice has gotten tired and raspy. She's still just as sweaty and flushed. And her pussy is still dripping honey just as fast. By now, there's a puddle at least a ¼" deep in that little bowl.

Kristen cries hard. With her moaning sobs, she instantly begs more humbly than she's ever begged for anything. She promises me she'll be the student I've ever had. She'll do anything. She'll let Irene be Tony's wife forever. Anything at all. Just please spank her bottom now.

"No." I laugh, "You still haven't learned your lesson, bitch!" and

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I'm gone.

I have breakfast at 6:00, served very sweetly by Sophie. Then around 6:20 I return and check on Kristen, leaving Sophie to see to other things. It's gotten to the part of the video where Irene is using her butt, and Kristen is still staring at it.

Only now her body just hangs limply, trembling, but unmoving. She doesn't even hold her head up anymore, finally allowing the hook to do the work, even though it puts just a little pressure on her asshole. She cries. She moans, her voice having gotten a bit hoarser. She sweats, her skin flushed pinker than ever. And her pussy drips, almost runs, with honey.

"Please, Miss Rodgers, please, spank me! I deserve it! I deserve to spanked! Spank me! Please! Spank me! Oh, please Ma'am, please, please, spank my worthless butt for me, Ma'am!" Kristen begs on, the desperation now about the only thing in her voice.

I let her beg, wondering if she'll ever give up. In the few minutes I give her, she doesn't. She keeps on begging me to spank her like the very naughty girl she's been.

"You will return for study hall next week."

"Yes, Ma'am, Yes, Miss Rodgers!" Kristen eagerly accepts, now letting the hope into her voice.

"You will have lessons every night until then for your class. Miss Connors will supervise you."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am!" Kristen agrees.

"We'll see if you've learned your lesson or not. First, you will read your essay again to Miss Connors. Then you will get your spanking."

"Yes, Ma'am! Thank you so much, Miss Rodgers! Thank you!"

I take the vibrators off her nipples first. Then I take the one-off her

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clit. Then out of her pussy. As those last teases fade, I hear her sigh out so deeply. And I see her pussy twitching lightly, still in need of its release. I untie her hair, then slip the hook out of her butt. As the ball stretches her asshole again, Kristen doesn't even show it. Not a peep. Not a twitch. She just lies there loosely and lets me pull it from her bottom. It takes me a few minutes to untie her; I save her hands for last.

It wouldn't have mattered. She's clearly as worn out as she is aroused. I stand her up, her legs a little weak. I grab her story off the table, and I start walking the naked, flushed, sweaty Kristen, with her honey staining the tops of her thighs, towards the living room.

She barely seems to notice as I walk her in. There's an audience. Olive sits on the love seat, with her husband beside her. He doesn't participate in Olive's games, but he doesn't mind an occasional show, especially one Olive's not directly involved in. Andrea sits on my sofa, another of her pilot friends beside her. She's a flight attendant, so she knows a slew of pilots, and they all seem perfectly willing to join her for a slutty show. Irene sits on the sofa, too. My BFF Isabelle sits in a chair between the sofas, and beside her is her boyfriend. Both don't mind a little show here, and Izzy and I have our first class together today, so we're heading out together. Plus I trust Izzy, even though she's not into games herself, to keep her mouth shut about anything I allow her to see.

It takes a second, but Kristen finally notices that she has an audience. It's not just Irene, as she thought it would be. It's Irene, Olive, and five strangers. Worse, three of those strangers are male. And I'm sure she notices all eyes are on her. "Gawd, what a slut!" Andrea remarks, "I mean, really, slut, you have cum all over your thighs!" It gets the crowd giggling, even though I'm sure they all noticed the sticky glistening the instant they saw her.

"Now we'll see if you're a liar, or if you're ready to be an obedient slut," I tell her. I have her stand facing everyone with her feet spread wide. I'm sure the girls can guess what I'm going to do next. I wonder if

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Kristen is even thinking that clearly. She just stands as instructed.

I have her hold out her left hand and put the story in it. I pick up my crop, waving it in front of Kristen and letting her see it. "Masturbate, slut. Do not cum until you are told to." I snap my command sternly.

Obediently, Kristen's free hand flies to her pussy and she starts rubbing herself. I tap her bottom with the tip of my crop and slow her down. After three more taps, I have her masturbating properly, slowly, her fingers moving in little circles over her nub.

As soon as she touching herself, Kristen starts trembling hard. I scold her very firmly to stand still and pleasure that pussy, not to act like a gutter slut. Then I tell her to read her story to her audience, who will vote on her grade. She has five spankings coming. Any she gets for a poor grade will be added to those five. And if I have to crop her for acting slutty while she entertains us with her story recital, those croppings don't count, either.

Kristen's voice breaks as she starts reading her story. Her voice is half gone, half moan, and mostly raspy. It gives her normally girly voice a very deep sultriness to it, which is perfect for this recital. I stand beside her, watching her, making sure she keeps masturbating, reading, and standing still.

Before she finishes the first paragraph, a few drops of honey fall from her pussy. Izzy's date notices and his eyes go wide. He stares at her pussy, watching her and I doubt paying much attention to the story. For about ten seconds. That's how long Izzy gives him before she pops him in the back of the head. It works, his attention returns to the recital.

It takes Kristen several long minutes to read her story. It's definitely well written this time, and just as erotic. Masturbating the entire time, it seems like her voice is less speech and more primal moan with every word. But she makes it through.

I don't let her stop. I stand over her and keep her masturbating as I

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go around the room and ask everyone what their grade is on her story. There are seven votes. Kristen gets five A's, and two B's from Olive and Izzy, both of whom likely just didn't want her to get a big head thinking the vote a landslide. But it gives her an A average, sparing her bottom any more strokes.

I have Sophie fetch me a spanking chair, and set it between the sofas across from Izzy and her companion. Once it's ready, and Sophie has fetched the paddle, I ask Kristen "are you ready for your spanking now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Will you please spank me now, Miss Rodgers?" She answers.

I gently poke my thumb into her navel, getting a pinch of the loose skin on her stomach to use for a leash and lead her over to the chair. With Kristen still rubbing her pussy and moaning like a slut as she does, I put her down to her knees. And turn her over mine, pinning her arm underneath her stomach.

"I never said you could stop diddling that skanky thing." I remind her as I put the blade of the paddle to her bottom. "And don't forget to thank everyone after each stroke you count, slut." I raise the paddle up.

It slaps down on her cheeks with a loud crack, searing them a light pink. She grunts out a pained yelp, as her body shudders hard and crisply on my knees. "One, Miss Rodgers. Thank you for watching me get my spanking like a naughty little girl, everyone." Kristen's voice trembles as much as her body does, now a pure needy moan.

She lies over my knees, shivering hard, moaning very urgently. I swat her again, these strokes only about half-strength. She yelps out, her body shuddering wildly. So wildly that her pussy slings a couple of drops of honey. It takes a second for her to fall back shivering hard over my knees. She barely manages to moan out her thanks.

I swat her again. She instantly shudders just as wildly, her body

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almost flopping around over my knees. And it takes her a couple of seconds to moan out a blurted, desperate thanks through her chattering teeth.

I swat her again. She screeches as her body thrashes crisply on my knees. She never stills. She lies there, half shivering, half shuddering, and tries to thank us. Tries. Her voice is too primal, too much moan and too little words. With one glance I can see her pussy, even her lips, twitching sharply as if they're just starting to cum. And I'm sure she is. But her fingers still move over her clit.

I swat her again, her final stroke. It's a good thing, too. She makes such a show of this one that I'm certain another would make her cum no matter how hard she tried to behave. It takes her several seconds to moan out something close to a thanks.

I put her off my knees. "You may cum when, and if, Miss Conner wishes to allow you to. You may go to her and beg."

Kristen does hesitate. She's up to her feet, and back on her knees in front of Irene in a couple of short seconds. "Miss Connors, Ma'am, please, ma'am, please, please, please, Miss Connors!" Kristen begs in her moans, her body shivering and trembling hard. And her pussy dripping on the floor. "Please, Miss Connors, I am so sorry for being a horrible student for you. I promise I'll be the best student ever from now on, Ma'am! Please, Miss Connors, please, will you please allow this worthless, useless, fat, skanky slut to entertain everyone with a shameless orgasm, Ma'am, pleaseeeeeee!"

"Go on, slut," Irene says firmly.

Kristen lets go. She screams. Her body snaps hard with sharpest shudders. She drops to the floor, lies there, her body still snapping just as hard. Her arms and legs flail wildly. She screeches the endlessly long sweet moan. She shudders more, her entire body going every which way. It goes on for close to three minutes, at least two of them after the sharp tremors have snapped her hand from her pussy. It's as slutty as ever.

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And it's clearly greatly entertaining to the males. I'm pretty sure the girls enjoy the display, too. I know I love watching the squirming. But we're not mesmerized by it like the boys are. They can't take their eyes from her.

As the climax finally fades, Kristen falls spent and limp. She lies there, panting moans. And lies there.

Sophie makes, and hands out, souvenir copies of Kristen's story, each with a little full-color, full-frontal, fully-naked thumbnail picture of Kristen beside the heading with her name. Her first and middle names, I never use last names for my students. It makes them too easy to identify.

With Kristen still lying spent on the floor, my guests head out for their day jobs. I'm certain Kristen will be the talk of some cockpit today. Likely the talk of the campus once Izzy's friend tells the first of his friends about the show, too. Olive and her husband even have to step over Kristen to get out. Which Kristen doesn't seem to notice. Only Irene remains behind.

I give Irene the books I've made up for Kristen and tell her what she's to do. And to be very strict with Kristen, not to let her get away with anything this week. And I give Irene the passwords to the web page where there's a video of Kristen's suffering, and of her performance this morning, in case she cares to share those with Tony. I see a very sly grin creep onto her face. It's enough to let me know that she's been nosy enough that she knows exactly what Tony likes to see.

I tell Irene she's in charge of Kristen, absolutely in charge, as if she were Kristen's Mistress until Kristen steps out of Irene's car at work today. Irene is welcome to make use of the shower here and clean Kristen up for work. Or send her looking like the cheapest of whore after a very hard night in a skanky alley, which is how she looks now. Irene giggles hard and thanks me for the offer of the shower.

She gets to her feet and very loudly, very harshly, scolds Kristen up to her wobbly feet and into that shower.

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At 7:25 Irene has a respectable-looking Kristen dressing beside my door. At 7:30, they're leaving, Kristen blushing, but fully obedient to her daughter.



Chapter 4: Homework

My Husband's Present

By Kristen Jamie

It's Friday evening, and I'm sitting here on my sofa. I can't sit still. I can't stop fidgeting around. I can't believe what I have to do now! But I don't have a choice about it. I have to. And I can't stall any longer, no matter how much I want to. And I really want to stall. Or better yet, not do it at all.

I get to my feet, trembling a little and feeling more humiliated than I've ever felt in my life. Lately, that's nothing new. It seems every one of these little assignments I end up having to do finds some new way to degrade me to depths I hadn't imagined existed. It's not far, maybe seven or eight steps to my 18-year-old daughter's bedroom. It takes me a god minute to force myself to walk those steps and knock on her door.

Irene pulls her door open and just glares at me, her phone in one hand. That look on her face makes is so clear to me that I'm interrupting something important to her. Probably a text chat with one of her friends. She is a teenage girl after all. I stutter, trying to speak, my voice

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failing me. Irene just glares even hard at me. I keep trying. Eventually, I manage to make words. "Miss Connors... your father is due to get home from work any minute now..." I start crying, but I make myself keep looking at Irene. She can be rather demanding, and I know if I look away, she'll slam her door in my face. So I have no choice to but let her see me cry and swallow that little humiliation. "I want to give him a present, to thank him for being such a good husband and father... for working so hard for us all week... will you please help me, Miss Connors?"

Irene glares at me hard for several seconds. "What present?"

"You know... he really likes... oral... I can't do it..."

Irene balks hard. "So I'm his present? You want to give me to him?" Then she just glares at me. I know she's making this hard for me. As I said, she can be demanding. She's done it for him before, although I've never asked her to. I didn't even know about it until afterward. Then Mistress made sure I knew all about it.

"I can't do it..." My tears run a little faster, and my shame deeps even more. Tony, my husband, is rather large.

I've never been able to give him a good blow job. I've never been able to get more than an inch or two of him into my mouth. I'd just assumed that would be the case with any woman. He even told me his previous girlfriends weren't able to do much more. I've tried. I've tried hard. I've tried every "trick" I read. I just can't do it.

Then, last Friday night, Miss Rodgers, another Mistress who tutors Irene, came over. She caught me breaking the rules I'd agreed to for Irene's study time and punished me. While I was in trouble, Irene filled in for me as Tony's wife. I never imagined Irene would do a fraction of what she did for him. I always assumed it would disgust her to even think about touching her father. But she did it. She did it eagerly as her Mistress commanded, she obeyed without reservation. And she did it well.

Irene is petite. Smaller than I am. And young. And I think fairly inexperienced. So I never thought of her as even possibly being some kind of wanton slut, or more accurately having the intimate abilities of a wanton slut. Even the next morning, when I heard about everything she'd done to please him, I was sure she was exaggerating. Then Wednesday I

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had to attend her tutoring session with her. I tried to skimp by, and I got in trouble again. I'm good at that – at getting myself in trouble. That evening, while punishing me, Miss Rodgers showed me a video of it. Only then I couldn't deny it. Irene, at 18, is a far better lover than I'll ever be. I can't imagine how she does the things she does, and not just does them eagerly but does them so easily.

"I'm sorry, Miss Connors... I hate having to ask you. But please, please, please, will you please do this for me? PLEASE!" I start to get desperate. It's my assignment to see that Tony is greeted at the door with a very good blow job. I can't do it, and I'm certain Mistress knows that. I wouldn't have a clue who else to ask, either. Who wouldn't slap me for suggesting it? I'm sure Mistress knows that, too. I'm sure she knows Irene will do it, but she's not going to make it easy for me, and it's definitely going to cost me something. But it's my assignment to get it done. And if I fail Mistress, she will punish me. Sweetly, but also very harshly. And whatever my punishment is, it will certainly be far more humiliating than having to beg my daughter to give her father a blow job for me. OK, I can't think of anything more humiliating, but I know Mistress can. She probably can come up with a long

list in a few seconds. I don't want to find out.

"Please, Miss Connors, please. He'll be home any second! Mistress told me to meet him at the door with a good blow job... you know I can't do it! Please, Ma'am, please, will you do it for me?"

Irene sighs deeply, and she looks very put out. She even looks like it grosses her out. And I didn't see that look on the movie Miss Rodgers made last Friday. She looked more like a porn actress, every happily, very eager, and very deftly doing it. "Why would I do that? It's your husband like it's my problem you can't take care of him? SO now I have to! NOT!"

"PLEASE! Miss Connors, please, I'll do anything you want me to, anything! Just please, do this for me, please!!!" I start crying harder, both from the shame of so flagrantly begging Irene, and the fear that she just might not do it, which will ensure me another very hard lesson with Mistress. OK, I'll really get off on that session, but I'll suffer so much sweet agony before I do, I won't be able to bear it.

"Anything?" Irene says a very evil and sly grin creeping onto her face.

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"YES! I'll do absolutely anything, Miss Connors, please just do this for me!"

Irene glares at me another second. "My floor needs polished."

"Fine, I'll polish it tomorrow! Please, will you do this for me?"

"On your hands and knees?"

"Yes," I say. I feel the heat in my face, so I know I'm blushing as I imagine myself on my hands and knees in here scrubbing and shining the hardwood floor of her room for her. And I know, before she finally accepts it, it's going to be the shiniest floor in Mobile. She has that power over me. All she'll have to do is call my Mistress up and tell her that I skimped on her again, and Mistress will make me suffer for it. Last time I skimped, I suffer the most agonizing torturous night at Miss Rodgers' hands: she teased my nipples, my pussy, and my clit all night long with feathers, and I never managed to cum, not even once! I'd rather do anything than suffer that so sweet torment again.

"Naked," Irene adds. "And the door will be open so everyone can watch you work like some useless little house

girl." Now Irene grins at me.

"Fine..." I sob out, feeling the heat blossom a few more fires hotter as I blush a deep beet red.

Irene sighs deeply. "Fine... I'll do it. But you'll watch every second of it." She just stares coldly into my eyes.

I cry. But I can't turn my head. It's not Mistress, but my own daughter who's suddenly found a new way to deepen my shame. Not only do I have to beg her to do it, to debase myself to get her to do it, but now just knowing what I've done isn't degrading enough. I'll have to see it. I'll never get that image out of my head. The picture of my sweet. Innocent and pretty little girl acting like a whore!

"I can't!" I blurt out. Then I hear Tony's car. The garage door going up, and I know I'm out of time. Negotiating is over. I'm the one over the barrel. If I refuse, Irene will hold firm, and she only needs to hold firm a few seconds for Tony to get in the house, and then it'll be too late, and Mistress will kill me. "Fine..." I sob.

Irene holds her hand out to me. I take it and walk with her up, trying to suck up my sobs, as we hurry to the garage door. We get there in time, a few seconds before Tony

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opens it. "Hi, Studly." I greet him. I pray he can't hear the shame, the hesitation in my voice. "I've got a surprise for you! It's my thank you for being such a good husband to me."

Tony smiles. He loves surprises. "What's my surprise?"

Irene almost magically drops to her knees. Her hands are quickly to his zipper. And just as quickly, fast enough that Tony hasn't had a chance to say anything yet, his huge cock is free of his pants, sticking straight out and stiffening to rock hardness.

"I am," Irene says in the most sultry voice I've heard. It's pure slut. And she doesn't look reluctant. Suddenly she looks hungry for that cock. Her hands go behind her back. Her lips go to the tip of his cock. Tony leans back against the door and sighs a deep, sweet, purr.

I watch, as I promised I would. I just never imagined I'd have as good of a view as I have. I can see every bit of Tony's familiar cock, even the dark curls of hair around it. And I can see just as much of Irene's pink lips, her mouth stretched impossibly wide, as they lie lightly against his stiffness. I can see her lips moving both slowly and steadily, more gliding over his skin, as his length vanishes into her

mouth. As much as I wish there was, there's nothing to block my view, not even a stray hair. I can see everything.

As I watch, I can't believe what I'm seeing, even though I already knew Irene could do it. Tony has about seven thick inches. Too thick for me. But not for my little girl. His length just steadily disappears as her lips creep closer to his pants. And closer. And closer. I never see even the slightest flinch or hesitation. Not yet, and she has over half of that fat shaft into her mouth. Those lips just keep gliding smoothly, and leisurely, along his shaft. I'd be choking to death by now. But not her. Irene just keeps going. All the way until her lips disappear into the open fly of his jeans. I know then, that her lips have to be against him. That all of that cock has to be in her mouth.

I just can't imagine how she could do it! I glance at her, and I see a little twinkle in her eyes. I know then she likes doing this. And I can see her neck, or rather see how the cock is so huge, and so far into her, that it's swelling her throat and the sides of her neck out. How is Irene not choking? I admit, for a brief instant, I'm captivated. I can't believe what I'm seeing.

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Irene's lips are in constant motion at a very casual pace. Once she has every bit of it inside her, she reverses and starts letting it back out again. And she's moving slowly, so unhurried. As a gift should be.

I hear Tony moan. It's a very sensual, very primal, and very manly moan. And it's more powerful than any moan I've ever gotten from him. It's a moan that tells me this is better and sweeter than anything I can manage to do for him. His eyes don't close. He looks down, watching Irene's head as she steadily moves it, her lips gliding lazily along his length, letting it slip in and out of her mouth, and I guess clear down her throat.

I have to force myself not to burst into tears. More so as I hear Tony's so blissful moans. All I can think about is that should be me doing this for him. How badly I want to be the one doing this for him. How I am such a miserable failure as a wife because I can't do anything close to this for him! I thought it would be a new depth of humiliation for me. I was wrong. I vastly underestimated how bad it would be. It's worse. Irene's little more than a child. Six months more to be exact. My child. And she's putting me to shame!

As a wife, she's everything. And I've been nothing for Tony!

I watch his thickness slipping into her mouth. I imagine it's me taking care of him. But I can't. It's too obvious that it's Irene. And I have to live with know Irene's only doing this because I begged her to. I begged my daughter to give her father a blow job for me because I am such a lousy wife I couldn't do it myself. That has got to be the lowest, most humiliated, any woman could feel.

I want to run away. At least then I wouldn't have to watch her shame me. But I have to. She made me promise that.

With every stroke of Irene's lips, Tony's moans grow hotter and hotter. It's torture for me to have to hear them and know I'm not the one making him so happy. To know I can't. To know what a total failure I am.

Irene is definitely taking her time. She is not rushing one iota. Her pace is so slow that it takes several seconds for that cock to slip all the way in, and several more for it come back out until only it's dark head is left invisible inside Irene's mouth. That's something I'd never thought of. Taking it slow. But it's so obviously working now. Tony is going as

crazy with lust as I've ever seen.

It takes maybe a minute for me to notice it. I don't at first, more awed by what I'm seen and so humiliated that I'm mostly thinking of my shame and forcing myself to stand here and watch this. But slowly Irene's so-skillful blow job captivates me. Once it does, I can't stop myself. I have to watch it. I have to see everything. That's when I start to notice things. Little things. Like the way, Irene gets about a third of him into her mouth and then stops breathing. Only when she gets back to that point to I notice she finally sucks a fast breath through her nose. I realize then that she can't breathe! That fat cock is stuffing her throat so fully, so tightly, that she can't even breathe! And yet, she's not showing any of that.

All I can see is that twinkling in Irene's eyes. That sparkle that screams she loves doing this. And I can think about how I could never make myself do that. It would kill me. And she's never even gagged on it.

I feel my weight on my knees. Only then do I realize I've knelt down beside Irene to get a better look at what she's doing. From this angle, I can see a little more. I can see

how impossibly wide her mouth is stretched, and how she's keeping it wide without anything to help. I can see his cock pushing her cheeks out. And I can see it slipping into her, vanishing into her mouth.

I don't time it. It seems like it's a few seconds, and at the same time like it's an eternity. It's definitely not a quick blow job. Tony's usually fairly quick, at least when we have sex. I've never done this for him. Not more than a little tease to the head of that cock. It's all I can get in my mouth.

I'd guess Irene makes it last for at least ten minutes. Ten minutes that Tony spends squirming back against the door in such sweet bliss. Finally, I can see his cock jump against her lips. I can see it twitching crisply. And I know he's cumming.

About half his cock is in her mouth, maybe a little less. I know that not only is he cumming, but he's cumming right into her mouth. And it's not affecting Irene at all. She continues right along, finishing her stroke and taking it back into her mouth, just as leisurely and steadily as if he hadn't. I don't see a drop of his cream anywhere. None squishing out the corners of her mouth. It's just not there. Nowhere. Yet

I know he's cumming.

It takes maybe a minute, but eventually those twitches slowly fade off. A seconds later Irene stops his cock fully inside her. She pauses a second, then slowly starts releasing his length. Tony makes the deepest, most guttural groan as she slides her head back and slowly releases his cock from her mouth. A second later I finally see it's head emerging from her lips. And then it's out, sticking straight out, almost point to her. It glistens with the very thin film of her saliva left on it. But I don't see even a drop of his whitish cum anywhere.

It's the first time Irene's hands move since she started. She reaches up and tucks his softening shaft into his pants for him. She zips him up.

Irene rises to her feet, her lips sealed. She purrs. Then she licks her lips, looking right at Tony with the sluttiest smile on her face. "You are so freaking delicious!"

Irene turns to me. She opens her mouth wide. Before I know what she's doing, I see Tony's cum. That sticky whiteness. It's clinging to about everything in Irene's mouth. But not all of it. Most of it is gone. And there's only one

place is could have gone. Irene swallowed it. Another thing men love that I just can't make myself do. Then again, until I learn to give a blow job, that won't be an issue. Just another way I can be a miserable wife nowhere near the wife Tony deserves.

"He is just so delicious, mom!" Irene says to me with that too-evil impish grin on her face. "Have you ever tasted anything so manly?"

I stutter. I stutter hard. The shame crashes over me again, a fresh wave. How am I going to tell her I've never tasted him? What kind of a wife, after two decades of marriage, doesn't know what her husband tastes like? Why has Tony put up with me giving so little for so long? Even my daughter is willing to give him better.

I stutter some more. And more, tears flowing from my eyes. I'd promised myself that I wouldn't cry in front of Tony. And now I've done that, too. I sob.

"O-M-G!" Irene balks. Then she giggles hard, "you don't know what he tastes like do you?" She keeps on giggling.

"No..." I squeak out with my sobs.

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Irene moves like lightning again. She grabs my head, her hands on my jaw. I don't see anything. Her lips, those very same lips that Tony's cock just vanished into, are suddenly against mine. And then Irene's tongue is in my mouth! She's kissing me! And not like a daughter, like a lover. Her tongue is everywhere! Gross!

But then I get to taste it. At first, it's just as a little saltiness. I ignore it, thinking it's Irene. I try to pull my head away. I can't she's holding me too firmly. But then I notice the heat of it. The... manliness of it, for lack of a better word. It's sticky, and I feel it clinging to my mouth. I don't know what comes over me. I don't even realize I'm doing it. But suddenly my tongue is eagerly exploring Irene's mouth, getting me a good taste of that cream. And Irene doesn't seem to mind it. She just kisses me hard and hot, letting me have a taste of my husband. My first real taste of him.

I'd guess Irene kisses me for close to half a minute. I know it's long, and I know my tongue feels tired as she breaks it. I see the smirking grin on her face. "Isn't he the yummiest thing!" she says so sweetly. Then I notice Tony. Rather the smile on his face. A smile that tells me he loved

seeing us kissing like girl-lovers.

Irene bats her eyes at Tony. "Yum..."

Just as unexpectedly, and just as suddenly, I feel Irene's hand on my pussy. OK, through my jeans, but right square atop my pussy! Irene suddenly laughs loud and hard. "Oh, mom.... Is there some reason your pussy is so freaking wet your jeans are soaked?"

In that instant, hearing it, it hits me. I feel it in my pussy, the burning heat, hotter than any fire. Those tingles. That ache that nothing will ease begging me to give my pussy some attention. And I know there's nothing I can do about it now. So I blush and cringe as I think about how everyone knows that I got hot and bothered watching my daughter blow my husband for me. Very hot. I have to think about it hard to keep my hands from going to my pussy. I want relief.

She walks away. Then she stops just a few steps from him. She quickly pokes her bottom out at him, wiggles it sensuously, then straightens up and walks away. But Tony watches that tight little butt all the way.

"Thanks, sweetie." Tony says to me, "that was such an

incredible welcome home present!"

I run away, not trusting myself to speak, and definitely not trusting myself not to cry from the shame. I run to the kitchen.

Later that night, I have mandatory study time. I have to attend one more tutoring session with Irene, and I don't dare to not have my work done, and done right, for it. Irene is my study supervisor, just as I am hers. So when it's my turn, Irene is very thorough in checking to make sure I haven't brought anything to the table other than my books. That's what I got in trouble for last week. Then I open the book Miss Rodgers has made for my "class." My assignment is to write this story.

I know then it was all a setup. Miss Rodgers and my Mistress certainly in on it. I'm less sure about Irene. But I think she was, or at least knew about it. Mistress doesn't leave anything to chance. She'd have only told me to do that, and Miss Rodgers would only have put this assignment in here if they knew Irene would do it. That little imp! She got me! I still have to shine her floor for doing it!

A new, fresh humiliation to know my daughter just

tricked me. But nothing compared to the absolute humiliation of having to beg her to give my husband a blow job for me, and the even deeper shame of having to see it. No matter how arousing of a show it was.